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GREATHEART OF THE BOWERY

JOHN G. HALLIMOND

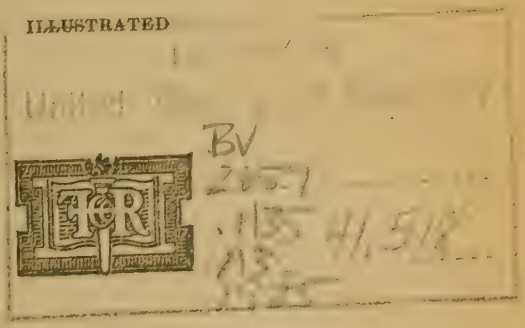
1852-1924

Greatheart of the Bowery

Leaves from the Life-Story of John G. Hallimond, Late Superintendent of the Bowery Mission

BIOGRAPHICAL FOREWORD
By
GEORGE H. SANDISON

ILLUSTRATED



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Publishers' Note

THE title of this work calls for a word of explanation. It originated and was adopted by the publishers after the Author had passed into the Great Beyond. The chapters being largely autobiographical and written in the first person, would hardly call for such a description of himself by the Author as the "Greatheart of the Bowery"; but to those who knew and loved him, nothing could more definitely depict his character. His was indeed a great heart. The Bowery recognized this. The title is well warranted, although John Hallimond would have been the last to accept personal laudation during his lifetime, or associate his own name with that of old John Bunyan's immortal hero.

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Biographical Foreword

IT was my good fortune, during the past twenty-five years and more, to be brought into frequent and familiar contact with John G. Hallimond, the "Greatheart of the Bowery." To say that I liked him would express little. I had known his various predecessors in the Bowery Mission, and studied closely their methods of dealing with the startling problems of vice and lawlessness that were characteristic of that thoroughfare. When I heard that this big, good-hearted, smiling personality—to meet and greet whom was in itself an inspiration—had accepted the task of cleaning out the Augean stables in what was generally conceded to be the vilest thoroughfare in the metropolis, "my heart burned within me," and I decided to watch the methods of this latter-day Hercules.

There are many who can recall the Bowery thirty or forty years ago. From Cooper Square almost down to Chambers Street it was simply a series of mantraps on both sides. Lodging-houses of more or less doubtful sanitary qualities, cheap theatres and grog-shops predominated. By day the thoroughfare was active enough; but its real life began after nightfall. Then the gas-lights and lamps flared up and every other basement was a den of vice, with painted women peeping and smil-

ing to allure the passerby. The screeching of fiddles and other instruments of discord invited the unwary, and once in any of those dens, he was victimized to the fullest extent. There was no prohibition law or anything like it in the Bowery.

A big, smiling, Englishman, broad-shouldered and strong-limbed, who had not been long in New York, walked up and down the Bowery and made a close observation of its allurements. He noted its filth and its sensuous attractions. He saw the reeling men come out of the rum-shops or up the flight of stairs from the dance-halls in the basements. He saw dirt everywhere. It must have occurred to him that the stables which Hercules washed out and cleaned up, might have been something like this; they certainly couldn't have been worse. Then his eyes gleamed with a sudden glow of resolution. He would make it the task of his life to clean up the Bowery. When John Hallimond made that decision he lost no time in setting about putting it into operation. There had been a little mission at one time almost on the corner of Grand Street and the Bowery, which had moved later to the Bowery near Canal Street. Someone told him they were looking for a new Superintendent. Then came the news of his appointment and the battle began. How he fought long and sturdily, and how he won at last may all be gathered from these reminiscences, for they deal with his crusade and were written in the last months of his life.

Born in England, at Etherley in Durham, in 1852, John G. Hallimond, under godly parentage, grew up to Christian manhood. To an excellent education and sound religious training he added an unusual gift of appeal which would have made him welcome even in metropolitan pulpits. But formal approbation he valued little, if at all. He wanted to reach down into the hearts of men, and unless he could do this, and help to better their lives, he reckoned all other efforts wasted.

He had been a keen observer of the methods of the great English Evangelists and also of some of the Americans who stood high in the Gospel calling. He resolved to dedicate his life to the Gospel of Christian sympathy and helpfulness. This was to be the key to his ministry.

Nine years before he came to America, he was connected with the great West London Mission, England, of which Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was Superintendent. On his arrival in New York he became private secretary to Commander Ballington Booth, of the Salvation Army, and was intimately concerned in the social work of the Army. In 1885 he became assistant to Rev. Amory H. Bradford, D.D., of Montclair, N. J., and had charge of the Pilgrim Mission in that town. When, eighteen months later, Ballington Booth launched the Volunteers of America, Dr. Hallimond became National Secretary, and in that capacity visited nearly all the large cities in the Union, establishing and

organizing the work and holding meetings in the churches under the auspices of the Volunteer Evangelistic Department. His experience had been such as pre-eminently qualified him for the practical rescue work that made the Bowery Mission known throughout the world.

Soon after his acceptance of the Superintendency of the Bowery Mission (November 20, 1899), his method began to be demonstrated in practical results. His teaching was constructive and helpful—never terrorizing. He sympathized with the sinner and won him through love and kindness, until the fetters of sin seemed to drop off, and the man, with faith strengthened and hope steadily growing, was freed at last. Even then, though converted, he was shielded lest temptation should return and prove too strong for successful resistance. Dr. Hallimond decided that safeguards could be applied which might prevent the ever-recurring "falling away" from grace.

What these safeguards were, and how wisely and judiciously they were applied, the results showed conclusively. He founded the "Bowery Mission Brotherhood"—a body of converts, brought together at regular intervals to tell their experiences, pray together and receive helpful and inspiring counsel from those who had passed through similar trials. He founded the "Winners' Club," which sent out spiritual and material messages of help to the men in the trenches during the greater part of

the world war—" Winners " implying the winning of men's souls to Christian lives. He founded the Prayer League, a strong and earnest group of converts who have now behind them a battalion of thousands of earnest believers in supplication. The League receives and answers hundreds of letters every week from all parts of the United States, containing acknowledgments of answers to prayer and requests for further prayers on a great variety of different lines. Thus the League is regularly made a channel for intercession, and all its members are known as earnest, sincere Christians. Their office in the League has been blessed in their own lives, and they feel the full responsibility of helping others.

One of the most surprising of the many spiritual products of his work on the Bowery was the creation and organization of the " Brotherhood " already referred to. When he began to see the fruits of his systematized labors, and to note that many of the converts, on leaving New York, were entirely lost sight of, he decided, at an early stage of the experiment, that this should be remedied. Since the date of that decision, a record has been kept by the Bowery Mission of all who had begun " the new life," and any change of address was promptly forwarded. Thus the " Brotherhood " was kept in touch with their former associates. The record shows that a large proportion of the converts have continued on straight Christian lines.

The roll of the "Brotherhood," we learn, carries the names of not less than 40,000 redeemed men! Death may have lessened this considerably, but the "Brotherhood" still goes on.

This was the kind of work that kept Big John Hallimond busy during the quarter century of his life in New York. The men with whom he surrounded himself had faith in him. He was a leader who impressed them with his gentle manners, his cordial tone in conversation. Not a few of the men of the Mission, who had seen better days, loved him sincerely. They felt his presence as that of a superior who gave commands in authoritative fashion, and saw that they were carried out. Yet they all knew him for a big, kind-hearted leader who would not overlook any waif of the street, no matter how dirty and physically repellent the man or lad might be. Big John was the friend, the adviser, the benefactor of all.

I have been down in the Mission many times, and have known all of its Superintendents (after the first) since the work was founded. They were good men all, and true, but intellectually they were not in the same class with Big John. He was almost worshipped by these human shipwrecks. Yet none had sunk so far that he could not inspire them with his cheering voice and his message of helpfulness. They looked upon him as their best friend, and he always greeted them with a cordiality that was pleasant to witness. They were all

" his boys." He won their hearts and their confidence simply because his own heart overflowed with love for them. They knew this and were grateful beyond expression. I have seen even the older men—who had made of their lives a constant battle, with many defeats—step up to him and shake hands, their speech failing and their eyes flooding with tears. But he who looked down into the poor, old, wrinkled faces, understood, and he thanked God for the loyalty and love of " his boys."

When worn by a quarter of a century of conflict with embattled vice, although he had won a victory that was unquestioned, his own vitality had been spent. And when the message of release came, one night in November, 1924, to the little cottage in Belmar, N. J., his work had been accomplished. But the story of what he did for the shipwrecks of the Bowery will long be remembered.

The first few chapters in this book relate to his experiences before crossing the Atlantic. There is the wonderful story of " The Swirle," which tells of the conversion of a poor castaway in the slums of Newcastle-on-Tyne. That first story furnishes the key to the author's skill as a keen observer of human nature. Then come his stirring experiences with the Salvation Army, the growth of its influence and its methods with men, with all of which he was familiar. The story of " The Anarchist " is a memory of those early days and the

transformation of the leading character, Florio Vitelli, through the kind ministry of Sister Agnes, is dramatically interesting throughout.

But Dr. Hallimond's best chapter—every chapter being a complete story in itself—is that which tells of Victor Hugo Benke, who, unable to speak in English, clad in rags, and only half sober, surprised and delighted an audience with his remarkable musical talent. At this point he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Bird, the "Mother of the Bowery," as she was called, who helped in his redemption. That Benke story is a splendid dramatic chapter, complete in itself, and perhaps the brightest gem of the collection. Many music lovers will remember Benke, "The Volunteer Organist." There are a number of other incidents in the various chapters, all of which have a more or less dramatic setting. And in every instance the story, as it proceeds, demonstrates the dominant principle in Dr. Hallimond's life of lifting up the fallen, and serving them through the law of kindness. Pathos and humor are mingled in the stories. Some are complete little dramas of struggle and ultimate triumph. The entire collection is full of human interest.

After all, it is not an "impassable gulf" that prevents those who, through misfortune or accident, may have taken the wrong road in life, from getting back to happiness and safety. It is mostly bad associations and perverse human nature. The

book shows convincingly that even the worst type of wickedness is not beyond recall if dealt with in the spirit of kindness. The Divine message still holds good that "Whosoever will may come."

The entire volume reveals the author at his best, and shows that the spirit of Christian kindness is the power that wins in the rescue of shipwrecked souls. The book is one that deserves to have a wide circulation.

GEO. H. SANDISON.

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New York.

I

IN OLD ENGLAND

I

THE "SWIRLE"

WHEN, as a youth of seventeen, I went to live in Newcastle-on-Tyne, a large city in the north of England, celebrated for its coal mines, shipping interests, engineering works, and many other things, everybody was still talking about the commotion in the Swirle.

It had come about on this wise:

The Swirle was a narrow, dirty, ill-smelling alley that ran into Sandgate, near the Quayside. Sandgate had become far-famed and proverbial for its vice.

A song sung by thousands of sailors on all the seven seas, from time immemorial, ran:

"As I was going up Sandgate,
I met a lassie there."

If Sandgate was the worst place in Newcastle, then the Swirle was easily the worst part of Sandgate, and Polly Black was unanimously regarded as the worst woman in the Swirle.

Perhaps she did not altogether deserve this reputation, for she had many good things to her credit. Doubtless it was her lawlessness that made so

strongly for her notoriety. Her attitude toward the authorities was one of declared and absolute defiance; hence her frequent appearance in the police courts, and in the newspaper columns. She never blamed the man on the beat when he sheepishly handed her the familiar "summons." Indeed, she was as invariably kind to the policemen as she was to her special clients, the sailors, and to her "girls." On receiving the summons, she would simply smile and say, "Another job for Tommy."

Polly Black was astute enough to commit unreservedly her legal troubles into the hands of one of the most skilful lawyers in that part of the country, "Wee" Tommy Bell, who had his offices in "The Side."

A little hunch-backed dwarf with a huge head upon his awkward shoulders, Tommy Bell was resorted to by vast numbers of clients of the nether world; and many of them he placed under deep obligations by the unsparing devotion and the impish ingenuity with which he pleaded their cases.

No one consulted him oftener than Polly Black, and whatever the charge against her was, whether it had reference to contraband articles received from incoming sailors, or disorderly proceedings on her premises, or the illegal sale of liquor in her house, Mr. Bell would say to her, "Polly, do what I tell ye, hinney, and I'll get ye off." He generally did.

She gloried in her reputation as the "Scarlet Woman." She treated her girls with great kindness as long as they were good-looking and attractive, but, when anything approaching sickness, or wrinkles, or bleariness in the eyes, or droopiness of spirits appeared, she was remorseless and cruel. "Get out!" once spoken, was final. No pleas or tears were of the slightest avail.

Polly, herself, still bore signs of having been a handsome woman in her earlier years. She possessed a massive and stately figure, and, although for some years she had been tending to fat and flabbiness, yet there was a certain dignity and grace about her bearing that always impressed strangers, and gave her much prestige amongst her neighbors in the "Swirle." It was only a physical constitution of iron that could have enabled her to so successfully withstand, for so many years, the ravages of a dissipated and riotous life.

The day was Sunday, and Polly Black was on her way to see Fanny Watson, who was very ill. Fanny had once been an inmate of the house in the Swirle, and when the time arrived at which she imagined she would soon be receiving the sentence "Get out," she very wisely sought Polly's advice and help in starting herself in her old business of dressmaking. This she had carried on for some years in a shop on Castle Stairs, a winding,

climbing rise to the higher levels of the city, Polly being her most profitable customer.

Polly had crossed the big square at the end of Quayside, and was about to disappear into the entrance of Castle Stairs, when her eye fell on a crowd of men who were listening to a preacher speaking from the end of a quayside lorrey, or truck. She had seen a similar crowd many times before. Sometimes she had listened for awhile to what was being said. On one occasion she had entered into a heated argument with David Davis, the Welsh preacher, whose strange figure and weird personality were a familiar feature of Quayside life for many years. The speaker on this particular Sunday morning was unfamiliar to her, and there was something about his quaint and alert gestures that attracted her. He was a little man with a bald head and a shining face. There was nothing particularly clerical about him except a white bow tie. His voice was clear, but not loud, and very unlike the trumpet tones of David Davis.

Polly retraced her steps and joined the outskirts of the crowd. Some of the sailors recognized her, and, smiling and winking at each other, whispered, "Here's Polly. There'll be some fun the morn'."

But Polly quickly took a liking to the little bald-headed preacher. Although she did not know it, he was Rev. Thomas Vasey, Superintendent preacher of the Brunswick Circuit of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He was also one of the most

far-seeing men of his time, and regarded as an original and fearless preacher. The fact that he was down on the Quayside, preaching to sailors in the open air, after having gone through his own arduous service in old Brunswick Chapel, (the largest Nonconformist church in the city), was full proof of his zeal and unconventionality.

His chief characteristic was that he was able quickly and accurately to get the view-point of his hearers, so that he seemed never to fail to say things that arrested their attention and met their needs.

He was quick-witted, keenly observant, and seemed intuitively to understand the psychology of his audience. Probably it would be quite a safe thing to say that even while speaking to his close-at-hand crowd, he had not failed to notice the passing of this woman in the distance, her hesitation on the stairs, and her returning footsteps in the direction of the crowd. At any rate, nothing in the whole range of the English language could have been more likely to set the woman's heart throbbing with new and strange sensations than the first sentence she heard. It came to her with such bell-like clearness that she felt it was distinctly a personal message to herself. Looking directly to where she stood, Mr. Vasey said, "Bless you, my friends, God is able to take care of the devil's cast-aways and make a good job of them."

Polly heard no more. The thought was so big,

and warm and good there was no room in her mind for anything else. She climbed up Castle Stairs to see Fanny, exclaiming at intervals, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" She was so quiet and subdued during her visit to her sick friend that Fanny asked, "Polly, what's the matter? Aren't you well?"

"Yes, I'm well," answered Polly, "but—oh, God! Oh, God!"

And, wonder of wonders, tears were in her eyes!

Not one of Polly Black's acquaintances would ever have dreamed that in her make-up there was one scrap of spirituality. For conventional religion, for churches, creeds, and the like, she had always shown the uttermost scorn and contempt. Even in the sodden and sordid groups that gathered in her own vile house, there were those that sometimes felt chilled and awed as they listened to her blasphemous defiance of God and His laws.

But down at the bottom of a deal box, painted black, and fastened by a big padlock, that stood in a corner closet in her own bedroom, there was a little parcel that might have told a different story. It was tied in brown paper, with strong twine, and well sealing-waxed. Its contents were the most precious possession of this notorious woman.

For many years this parcel had been there, too sacred to be touched, much less to be destroyed. She never expected to open it again. When she passed away, someone, she imagined, would break

the seal, unfasten the string, and view the contents.

As she returned from Fanny Watson's abode, and during the remaining hours of that Sunday, the two thoughts that alternately possessed her mind were Mr. Vasey's reference to the "castaways," and that parcel hidden away in the deal box.

So, in the evening she went to her room, pulled the box out of the closet, unlocked the padlock, put her hand down into the corner where she knew it lay, and brought out the precious package.

She was on her knees at the time, and remained in that attitude while she broke the seal and opened the parcel. There they were; a faded daguerreotype photograph of her mother and a little Bible she had given her on her sixteenth birthday. Kneeling there in that house of shame, she passionately kissed the picture; then, holding it in one hand, and the Bible in the other, she flung herself upon the deal box and once more cried out, with all the force of a soul newly kindled, "Oh, God! Oh, God!"

Polly Black was now dealing with an elemental FACT. The very innermost, central, essential source of all human action—the head spring of all effort, is a fixed, dominating, compelling desire. The apparently meaningless exclamation, "Oh, God," was *prayer* in its mightiest and sublimest form, because it was the expression of overpowering desire. And such a prayer was bound to have an answer.

The week that followed was to her a period of daze and wonderment. She could not get her proper bearings. She tried to drink in order to drown her thoughts, but, for the first time in her career, she found that impossible. She spent most of her time with Fanny, and when the following Sunday came around she was on the Quayside in good time waiting for Mr. Vasey's service.

The little preacher announced a peculiar text, "*He must needs go through Samaria,*" and lost no time in telling the story of the woman at the well, and pointing the lessons that come so naturally from it.

Why must Jesus go through Samaria? To meet a woman. That was strange. Women were of no account in those days. To meet a Samaritan woman. Samaritans were taboo. No other Jew would have had any dealings even with Samaritan men. To meet a Samaritan woman who was bad—utterly bad and immoral. Yet this "teacher sent from God" goes out of His way to meet her. Why must Jesus go through Samaria? To teach us the value of one human soul. To show us how to win souls.

When the little minister had gone thus far, he once again seemed to Polly to be looking right at her and speaking to her, as though there were no other person in the crowd.

"You know, dear friends," he said, "there is not a woman in the world that does not have something

of the angel in her. And it never dies out, however bad she may appear to be."

Polly's heart gave a great bound. A spasm of uncontrollable joy shot through her. She almost cried aloud.

Mr. Vasey went on: "And that angel in the woman will surely come out when she comes across anyone who needs her. How infinitely tactful was the Master, when, in order to win this Samaritan woman, He actually stooped to ask her a favor. 'Woman,' He said, 'give me to drink.'"

Again Polly was thrilled. The surgings of hope within her heart became almost too painful to be borne. That strong maternal instinct of hers which had so often caused her to put her arms around some poor lost girl, or some unfortunate sailor boy, and aid them to get out of the Swirle into decent life again, swelled within her and made her feel that, after all, it might be possible that, in God's everlasting mercy, she was not utterly a "castaway."

Down in the foundational structure of the woman's moral being there was evidently a fine, strong principle, which, though terribly neglected and overborne by other and evil elements, had not as yet utterly corroded or been destroyed.

It was that inherent, essential, intrinsic, and apparently indestructible emotion of helpfulness,—the desire to succor, to relieve, to "mother." It stood her in good stead at this critical moment. It

aroused all her mental forces and brought them together in a positive and mighty decision. Her career as an evil woman was ended! She must henceforth follow Him who had lifted up the woman of Samaria from the depths of sin to a new life.

In the afternoon of that very day she sought out the little minister, and told him what had happened. He called in some of his co-workers, and in the evening, to the astonishment of the inmates of the house and the dwellers of the Swirle, a prayer-meeting was held in the large room which had long been the scene of revolting carnivals of vice. In a few words, simple and sincere, Polly told them the story. No one for a moment doubted the truth of it, but it was too big a thing for them to understand all at once. The news spread like wildfire through Sandgate, and through the city.

Mr. Vasey came again to Polly's house on the following night, and a second meeting was held. Then it was decided to hold a meeting every night, and at every meeting there were those who decided to do what Polly had done.

Naturally, and without apparent effort, the lower floor of Polly's house became a mission. The girls were at once cared for, and decent homes provided for them. The crowds at the nightly meeting became so great that the place could not hold them. Then other houses were opened. Ministers and

workers from the various churches attended and the fire spread. Hundreds and thousands of lives and homes were affected. Every saloon in the Swirle was closed. Sandgate was cleaned up. But it was never called a mission; it was a unique institution, and it simply went by the name of "The Swirle." Sailors who came into port who had in former years frequented Polly's house, still called, and it is told that many yielded to her appeals for a better and cleaner life.

* * * * *

On the banks of the Tyne, two miles further upstream, there was a place called "Paradise." Once, many years ago, it was a rural village with thatch-roofed cottages, and little gardens running over with flowers, and shady nooks and towering trees. Now it is quite two miles within the city boundaries; the prettiness is gone; the little gardens have given way to monotonous streets of brick houses with slate roofs, flagged side-walks and macadamized roads. But it is still called "Paradise."

* * * * *

A hundred and fifty years ago the whole of Tyneside was inundated. It happened after a prolonged winter, and the thaw came suddenly. It was an unprecedented experience. People referred to it as the "Great Flood." They showed you marks on the walls of their houses and they told you that that was how high the water had risen.

* * * * *

A certain man was once a witness in one of the Newcastle police courts. He was asked his name. "Adam," he replied.

"Where do you live?"

"In Paradise."

"Oh," said a facetious official, "Adam, in Paradise! And how long have you lived there?"

Adam replied, perfectly truthfully, "Since the Great Flood."

But now they have another great historic landmark in Newcastle. It is called "The Upheaval in the Swirle," often shortened to "The Swirle."

So, when any similar question as that propounded to Adam is asked—instead of the answer being, "So long before, or since, the Great Flood," it is "So long before, or since, 'the Swirle.'" And people understand.

II

"KNACKER" JACK

IN 1871 I moved from Newcastle to the beautiful town of Darlington. It was not always a beautiful place. Three hundred years ago, when James I. stopped there on his way to ascend the throne of England, it was a sleepy, dirty, agricultural town, and His Majesty gave it the name of "Darnton i' the dirt." Fifty years later, Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe,* said of it, "Darnton is remarkable for nothing but its dirt."

On September 7th, 1825, however, something happened of a most momentous character, which not only changed the town of Darnton, but affected the whole world. The first railroad, on which passengers were carried in coaches drawn by a locomotive steam-engine, was opened, and Darlington, as it was then called, was the centre of the scene. Today, on a pedestal in the large railway station at Darlington stands the identical steam engine called "Locomotion," made by George Stephenson. It stands on iron rails which formed part of the first railroad, which was also laid by Stephenson. Darlington, in after years, became the centre of a great system of railroads.

A few years after the opening of the first railroad, ironstone was discovered in the neighboring Cleveland hills, and the town of Middlesbro', at the North of the Tees, and on the direct line of the little railroad, sprang up over-night. It is now a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants and the "Pittsburgh" of England. So with the blast furnaces and rolling mills of the iron trade to the east of it, and with the vast coal bed of Durham County to the west and north, Darlington also became a great industrial centre. In addition to this, it continued to be what it had been from time immemorial, the centre of an agricultural area as fertile as any in the British Isles.

Naturally, with all this material development, great changes had come in the government of the town, so that when the Jubilee of the opening of the railway occurred, in 1875, at which celebration I was present, Darlington was regarded as one of the cleanest, best-managed, and most important towns in the whole of the United Kingdom.

So much for the scene of my story. That story is of a man who was just as dirty as was "Darnton-i'-the-dirt" in King James' time. He was the one blot upon the town's escutcheon, the one stigma on its fair name, the one blemish on its great beauty—a man known as "Knacker" Jack.

He was the ugliest, vilest, most repulsive man, surely, that ever lived. At any rate, this much can

be said: I have spent much of my life among men of dark, sinister character, and repelling appearance—men of the coal fields of Durham, of the slums of Whitechapel, of the Bowery in New York; criminals in State Prisons from Sing Sing in New York, to San Quentin and Folsom in California—yet never have I seen a man whose looks, language and manners thrilled me with such deep-seated horror and repulsion as did "Knacker" Jack of Darlington.

I cannot imagine anything else than that, by scientists of that day, he would have been unanimously classed as one as near to the brute species as it were possible for a human to be. Amongst the most fervent of evangelical Christians who knew him, I can scarcely believe you would have found more than half a dozen who had the slightest hope of his conversion.

Policemen and magistrates were at their wits' ends about him. He was not insane, or they would gladly have committed him to the County Asylum at Sedgefield. He was not even mentally deficient. He was smart enough to evade any serious consequences resulting from broken laws. His offences were rather in the nature of misdemeanors than felonies. A small fine or a week or two in prison was all the punishment the magistrates could inflict, and, with a swing of his great arms and an impudent laugh that tore its way up from his abdominal regions, he would bang down his fine on

the clerk's desk or go off to his cell, absolutely unconcerned.

And the police were really afraid of him. He was a giant in stature, and had a giant's strength. He was never really free from the influence of alcohol. His brain was chronically inflamed. No single policeman on the force ever attempted to arrest him. Whenever a messenger arrived at the Station-house (they had no telephones in those days) with the news that Jack was on the rampage in some saloon, never less than four men, sometimes six, were dispatched to deal with him. And there was always a struggle. His great fists would shoot out like battering rams and one or two of the official army would go down stunned and senseless. In time the police learned the art of concentrated attack. They would jump for him and on him simultaneously, and so by their combined weight and strength overpower him.

Then would come his great hoarse laugh and his shout of surrender, " All right, ye great daft things, ye've got me. I'll go."

He was sickeningly indecent, brutal, loathsome. My first sight of him was at the General Election of 1868, in front of the " hustings " in the market-place. It was the last election in which the " hustings " were used in England. These consisted of a huge wooden platform about eight or ten feet high, with sloping seats behind, capable of seating four or five thousand people. On Nomina-

tion Day these seats were occupied by influential citizens of both sexes. The ladies took the opportunity of displaying the latest fashions in dress, and the gentlemen were not far behind them. Down in the street, and on the slope opposite the platform a great throng of the common people would gather—ten, fifteen or twenty thousand of them.

"Knacker" Jack, surrounded by a group of men who looked up to him as a ringleader, had placed himself directly under the spot where the richest, and most elegantly dressed ladies, many of them belonging to the nobility, were seated. His raucous voice could be heard above all others, while his great form towered head and shoulders above his companions. From beginning to end of the day's proceedings he continued to hurl at these ladies the most disgusting, obscene, and blasphemous language he could think of. No one could stop him. In those old "hustings" days the utmost license was allowed the crowd, both in speech and action, and "Knacker" Jack always availed himself to the full of his traditional privilege. On this particular occasion he excelled himself, and more than one refined woman whom he made the especial target of his indecencies was unable to endure his brutal language and left the scene.

Two or three years elapsed before I saw him again, as I left the town and resided elsewhere. When I returned, Jack was even more notoriously

evil than heretofore. He was still making his regular appearances at the police court, but his attitude towards the police was a somewhat changed one in consequence of the appearance on the scene of a new Inspector who had been transferred from another part of the county, and one who was more than a match for Jack in strength and pugilistic skill. Inspector Scott stood six feet four inches in his stockings, and was one of the finest boxers and wrestlers in the country. Rumor had it that he had been stationed at Darlington specifically for the purpose of dealing with " Knacker " Jack. At any rate, at their first meeting, and to Jack's great surprise, Scott gave him such a terrible and humiliating thrashing that he never really got over it. He turned his activities in another direction.

The Salvation Army had made its appearance in the town. Captain Rose Clapham, a sweet, angelic woman, was in charge. Many of the most disreputable characters had been gathered in, while the Mayor, the Town Council and many of the most influential people in Darlington were in strong sympathy with the work.

But in many places the " Skeleton Army " also had come into existence with the frankly-avowed purpose of riotous and violent opposition. Furnished with tin pans, kettles, whistles, horns, corncrakes, and other noise-making instruments, its members would meet at some convenient rendezvous and march down upon the open-air meetings

of the Salvationists and endeavor, by brutal methods, to disperse them. Opposition indoors took the shape of singing ribald parodies of salvation hymns, the stamping of feet, and attempts to stampede the meetings.

In some towns very serious disturbances took place as a consequence of the collision between the two armies. At Bath, Guildford, and Weston-super-Mare many people suffered physical injury, whilst at Sheffield General Booth and his sainted wife were saved miraculously from fatal results.

This rowdyism was the very thing for which "Knacker" Jack seemed mentally, temperamentally, and physically fitted. He undertook the leadership of the Darlington Skeleton Army with great zest and enthusiasm. I don't know how many big drums of the Salvation Army he personally destroyed, but they seemed to quickly become the special objects of his iconoclastic attacks. His characteristic hoarse laugh was continually to be heard both at indoor and open-air meetings.

He could often be seen issuing from the taproom of some well-known tavern, with a gang of half-drunken thugs at his heels, on his nightly errand of obstruction and destruction of the Salvation Army barracks. The appearance of Inspector Scott anywhere on the line of march would instantly cause a right-about-face. Otherwise "the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." Rose Clapham, or someone else, would probably be lead-

ing the group in prayer when crash! would come the offensive forces against the door, and in would pour the dirty, drunken, ill-smelling crowd. Then peace would be at an end for that night. Hymns would be sung and the delivery of spoken testimonies attempted; but a dead rat or a decayed vegetable, flung through the air and landing on the platform, or a ribald song sung by the gang, or the raucous, horse-laugh of " Knacker " Jack, would be the noticeable features of the meeting as long as it lasted.

This book is recording facts. This story is for the purpose of bringing into prominence one particular fact that happened in the life of " Knacker " Jack at one of these meetings.

I desire my reader to keep his eye steadfastly fixed upon it, and to try and visualize the scene as it really happened:

The meeting has been one of prolonged turbulence. Jack has been even unusually boisterous and violent. He is seated on a chair next to one of the side aisles. He has had a successful day in his business, that of buying old, decrepit horses, shooting them, boiling the carcasses, and selling them for cats' meat. He has therefore consumed more ale than usual, and is correspondingly excited and aggressive.

Now watch him closely. You see in him an utterly abandoned man. Apparently he does not possess one spark or scintilla of goodness. The

avenues to the upper reaches of his personality are all closed. He is positively ignoble, abject, vile; without a particle of desire for things decent, clean, or fine—of the earth earthy, low, vulgar, loathsome.

The main part of the meeting has come to an end. Rose Clapham has gone down from the platform and is moving amongst the audience, seeking out the individuals who may need her. At last she comes to the aisle where Jack is seated. Those on the platform have been singing and now someone is praying, as the young captain moves towards her relentless persecutor. No one has suffered more at his hands than she, but she has never uttered one word of complaint. She is within a few feet of him, and quite unaware of his presence. As usual there rests upon her face a serene and placid smile, and for a moment she stands perfectly still. Jack has his mouth open and his loose lips ready for a verbal assault upon her. But those words are never spoken. He catches sight of her calm and beautiful face, and notices that her lips are moving in prayer.

Now, what is happening? Some mysterious force is being liberated, and is operating in that man's inner being, and then, in perfect and harmonious sequence, is affecting his outer action; a force that is a thousandfold more powerful than any policeman's club, or magistrate's sentence; some imponderable form of energy is beating in

upon his brain that is just as real and tangible, judged by its effects, as electricity or sun-heat. The harsh, raw, cruel look has faded from his eyes. In its place has come something that suggests warmth and geniality.

A few seconds of indescribable significance pass, while this mysterious spiritual force is rapidly disseminating through the man's whole being. Then Rose Clapham moves up to him, places her hand upon his arm, and says, "Mr. Spence, won't you come, too?" The deed is done, the fact is established. You can account for it as you like. You can theorize, define, describe, classify if you wish. The fact is that from the moment Jack Spence walked down the aisle in the gentle handcuffs of Rose Clapham's friendship and sympathy, every atom of evil in his spiritual structure seems to be destroyed. His drunkenness, rowdyism, lawlessness, pass away as a dark cloud passes when the sun rises in its might. The man's whole being is completely changed.

It was this fact that captured the imagination and won the enthusiastic approval of William T. Stead, the famous journalist, at that time a resident of Darlington, performing the duties of his first editorship, that of the *Northern Echo*. From that time down to the day he went down with the *Titanic*, Stead was one of the strongest defenders of the Salvation Army.

There was a man of great culture and wealth in

the town, who had been a prominent church member all his life, who said that "the marvellous facts of 'Knacker' Jack's conversion and after-life had done more for him than all the sermons he had ever heard, put together."

Jack at once took his place in the Army's indoor meetings, in the "open-airs," and in the parades. He suffered the persecutions of the Skeleton Army, just as he had formerly made others suffer. I remember seeing him, on more than one occasion, return to the barracks from an open-air meeting, in the parade of damaged warriors, carrying the smashed drum, or wiping the blood from his forehead where some stone had made a gash. But he was always smiling, and his great stentorian voice now became vocal in "hallelujahs" rather than in ribald jeers.

And the sudden change in his life and character was not a whit more marvellous than the way he held on. There were those who prophesied a short term for his good spell and a quick return to his old ways of living. But they were false prophets.

On one occasion he himself thought he had "fallen from grace." It was at an "open-air." An empty sardine can came hurtling through the air from the sidewalk and hit a young girl Salvationist on the cheek and wounded her. In a moment Jack sprang to her side, then, turning to the "Skeletons," from sheer force of habit yelled in his old-time voice of thunder, "God d— your eyes, ye

blasted cowards, I'll—I'll—" He felt a young girl lieutenant tugging at his sleeve.

" Jack, you've backslidden! " she said in sorrowful tones.

He turned to her with a look of utter dismay. " Do ye call that backsliding? " he asked.

Tears of horror and remorse were in his eyes as the girl replied, " Yes, Jack, that was cursing. You've backslidden! "

In an instant he was on his knees, looking up to the heavens, his great arms swaying above his head, and crying out, " God, be merciful to me a sinner. God forgive me! "

And I think God did. Don't you?

III

THE ANARCHIST

IN the early sixties, in the northern counties of England, as the middle of August approached each year, the question asked most frequently was: " Are you going to the flower show? " It was not necessary to state which flower show was being particularly referred to, although nearly every town and village in the mining district had a show of its own. Why is it that the coal miners have always taken such a keen delight in growing flowers? Flowers, greyhounds, and canary birds were the prevailing hobbies in those old days.

This was the Flower Show *par excellence*—the Auckland Flower Show, renowned from end to end of the British Isles. Exhibitors came regularly from Kent and Cornwall, from the banks of the Shannon in Ireland, and from north of the Caledonian Canal in Scotland. The Auckland Flower Show was held in the grounds surrounding Auckland Castle, the palace of the Bishop of Durham. In ancient times the Bishop was a feudal lord—Prince Palatinate, he was called—who in time of war was expected to furnish contingents of troops, yeomen, archers, etc., to support the cause of the

King. The Bishop of Durham is not now the powerful potentate his feudal predecessor was, but he still lives in this surpassingly beautiful palace.

The beauty of Auckland Park with its mighty oak trees, its lofty crags, that rise abruptly on one side of the bed of the softly murmuring Gaunless River; its velvety grass spread like an emerald carpet over the undulating ground; its Gothic deer-house, its picturesque shrubberies, and hillocks of peonies that gleam like mounds of flame against the green background, was one of the reasons for the popularity of the Auckland Show.

The other chief reason was the presence of the military band which the management was invariably successful in securing. It was always one of the best bands in Her Majesty's Service—the Life Guards, or the Coldstreams, and on one occasion the famous Belgian Guides were brought over. The band, however, which was most popular, and most frequently engaged, was the Band of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, conducted by the famous Dan Godfrey, who was to England in those days what Sousa is to America today.

At even this distant day I can still feel the thrill that came to me in listening to the overture to "William Tell" which, by request, was always a number on the program. It is safe to say that far more people came to hear the band than to see the flowers. And the crowd was always an immense one. Cheap excursion trains ran from every ac-

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cessible place. Thousands of miners from the pit villages many miles away walked in or drove in donkey carts. Yes, the Auckland Flower Show was a real institution in those days.

Twenty-five years afterwards, when living in the city of London and walking, one day, through Soho, which embraces that part of London lying between Oxford Street on the north and Leicester Square on the south, I saw, to my great surprise and delight, an announcement that the Band of Her Majesty's Grenadier Guards, Dan Godfrey conducting, would give a concert in Wardour Hall the following Saturday evening.

Well might I be surprised! Wardour Hall stood in the heart of a poverty-stricken slum district, a stone's throw from Seven Dials, which for centuries had been the home of the most vicious criminal classes. About this time a large number of foreigners—Greeks, Turks, Italians, Roumanians, and men from other Balkan countries, and Asia Minor—had settled in Wardour Street and the immediate neighborhood. Outbreaks among anarchists, communists, and other extremists were not uncommon. There could scarcely have been a more perfect antithesis to the beauties of Auckland Park than the surroundings of Wardour Hall.

Of course I went to hear my old friends, the Grenadiers. There they were, in their crimson uniforms and with their shining instruments, and there was Dan Godfrey with that peculiar con-

stricted movement in the muscles of his throat and chin, but still in full possession of all his matchless skill as a conductor; and there, sure enough, on the program was the overture to "William Tell."

I need not tell my readers how I felt. They have all experienced something of the kind. When tender, almost forgotten, harmonies tremble out once more from the strings of memory's harp, they set in motion the sweet vibrations of vanished years. One is bathed in a rapturous ecstasy that he finds himself utterly unable to describe. I was a boy again. I heard the murmur of the Gaunless, I felt the soft tread of the park grass beneath my feet, and smelled the rich perfume of the roses in the Show.

When I came out of my reverie, the intermission had been reached and Hugh Price Hughes, the head of the movement that included Wardour Hall within its activities, rose to speak.

Sitting in front of me was Florio Vitelli, known as the leader of the anarchists in Soho. He was a Neapolitan, but he had lived in London for five years. Ostensibly he was a dealer in coal and wood, and had his stock in a cellar at the lower end of Wardour Street; really he was a thief, a terrorist, an anarchist, and, according to the vigorously expressed opinion of a Wardour Street policeman, a "damned nuisance." He was short, wiry, and energetic. Strange to say, he possessed an æsthetic

soul, being enthusiastically fond of flowers and music. But everything of this sort was completely dominated by a strong, violent antipathy to the leisured classes, and an overweening desire to pull down and crush out of existence everything that pertained to " Capital."

If he were asked the questions, " Why, Florio, if capital were destroyed, what would you put in its place? How could you do without capital? " " If existing capital were destroyed today, and everybody was obliged to start at manual labor tomorrow, would not capital immediately come into existence again with every stroke of the hammer, and every swing of the axe? " he would not, perhaps, have been able to answer them. If allowed to reply in his native language he probably would have been more forceful and eloquent, but in speaking English he did not shine. He would spit and splutter, and show his teeth, and swing his arms, and hunch his shoulders, and dance on his toes, in a perfect frenzy of excitement, and all you could get would be " Pulla down ze reech pigga. Makka heem de worka. Too moocha monies. Ah makka heem de worka! "

Probably he was not a born thief. His tremendous and unreasoning hatred of the rich was, most likely, that which tempted him to steal. At any rate he was arrested several times for petty larceny and spent short terms in Pentonville, and, on one occasion. for the more serious offence of at-

tempted burglary was sent, for a year, to Wormwood Scrubs Prison.

But, as I have already said, he was inordinately fond of music, and that was why he was on hand to hear the Grenadier Guards. He listened with rapt attention to the band, but when Mr. Hughes commenced to speak Florio gave unmistakable evidence of his annoyance at any one daring to interrupt the glorious feast of music he was having. Then he listened; he could not help it. It was impossible for anyone to be inattentive when Hugh Price Hughes spoke. There was something so electric in the personality of the man, so arresting in the direct and penetrating glance of his keen eyes, something so earnest, masterful, and yet winning, in his whole bearing, that Vitelli felt himself at once being hypnotically drawn under an irresistible influence.

When at St. James' Hall, Hugh Price Hughes was generally aggressive, especially at his Sunday afternoon conferences, where he spoke on social questions, to the most representative kind of a congregation. It included statesmen like Gladstone and Balfour, poets, artists, musicians, clergymen, philosophers, scientists, soldiers, sailors, servant girls, shop girls and costermongers. But here at Wardour Hall, amongst the poorest of the poor, there was a new note in his message, a new tone in his voice, a note and tone of unaffected sympathy. And the wonderful fact was that Florio Vitelli

found his heart softening as he listened. New and startling thoughts arose within his brain, utterly and diametrically opposed to all his previous sentiments and beliefs.

He stayed to the end. He had a great desire to see this astonishing padre, who had so moved him, but that was impossible. Mr. Hughes had left the building. However, as Florio was leaving he was stopped at the door by a thick-set, burly, smiling man, who grasped his hand and said how happy he was to see him, and talked to him as though they had been life-long friends.

At parting he gave Florio a tremendous slap on the back, and said he hoped to see him again next Saturday night. The surprised Florio had little or nothing to say in reply, except a curious mixture of Italian and broken English.

"*Grazia, signor;* tanks, mister. *Si, si, si;* sure I come! "

This newly-made friend was Josiah Nix. Hugh Price Hughes had come to know Mr. Nix in the city of Oxford. By business, he was a butcher, a lazy, self-indulgent, beer-drinking kind of a "Christian"; a great talker in the world of politics, and a great critic of preachers, continually pointing out their intellectual deficiencies. Hughes at once saw the possibilities in this man and gave him no peace until he had influenced him to abandon a merely negative existence, and devote his gifts to the positive building up of a new social

order on the lines of truth, justice, and freedom. When the time arrived for Mr. Hughes to inaugurate a movement for this purpose in West London, Nix went with him as one of his principal assistants, and as such he was in charge of Wardour Hall.

Florio Vitelli did lots of thinking during the next week, and on the following Saturday evening went to Wardour Hall to listen to another concert. This time it was not the Grenadiers, but a famous string quartette that were the principal performers. Once again the redoubtable Hughes spoke during the intermission, and once more the fiery little Italian hung on his words in a curious kind of entrancement.

He felt his heart strangely warmed. The message had entered into the very texture of his character. A new order of vibration had been started in the cells of his body. The blood surging through his arteries and veins seemed to be changed in its constituent particles. He felt himself to be a stronger, healthier, freer man.

After the concert Josiah Nix was looking for, and soon found him. Again there was the outstretched hand, the jovial welcome, the joyous laugh, and an invitation to attend some of the other meetings at Wardour Hall.

Then Nix brought a sweet-faced woman, in a neat uniform of grey, whom he introduced as Sister Agnes. In a beautifully gentle voice she inquired

of Florio as to whether he had a wife. With deep concern in his eyes, he replied, spreading his hands and hunching his shoulders, "Ah, ma vife—so seeck!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Sister Agnes offered to go and see her at once, and from that time never a day passed without someone from Wardour Hall calling to minister to the sick woman. This was something that bewildered and staggered Florio. That people who were utter strangers should manifest such interest in a poor sick woman in the slums who had no claim upon them was past his understanding. But there was the fact, and it set the keen-witted little Italian thinking. What or Who caused it, created it, and kept it in continual operation? Who or What was it that influenced people to give those magnificent concerts to the poor people of Soho? He could not in his thoughts ignore or evade the fact, but he could not, as yet, answer the questions.

Then, as at Nix's invitations he attended some of the Wardour Hall meetings, he began to hear wonderful things—wonderful facts, that he could not doubt for a moment, but that to him were dumbfounding, amazing. A man, for instance, who for years had been a burglar and had served several terms in prison, declared, one night, that he had been "straightened out," and that he felt he would rather die than do a crooked thing again. Mr. Hughes had laid his hand upon his shoulder,

and had said, "Jack, you'll become a real man now." And Jack Stephenson's voice broke as he said, "It was his touch that did it!" Another fact!

In the meantime Florio had seen little or nothing of his anarchistic associates. A great communistic demonstration had been held in the East end of London, to which the "reds" of Soho had paraded, and at which, in the ordinary course of events, Vitelli would have been one of the most conspicuous demonstrators. But he did not appear. The mysterious, impalpable force that had swept into his life through the instrumentality of the genial Nix, and the angelic Sister Agnes, held him in a magnetic grip that he could not, and did not want to break. His wife was improving in health, and Sister Agnes said she knew it was in answer to prayer. At first Florio did not understand. "Prayer"?—what was prayer? "God' ?—who, or what was God? He had, of course, heard of God, but not a God like this, who came into people's actual, everyday lives and helped sick people to get better, and assisted poor people to find work and bread.

Great was the astonishment of Soho when it became known that Vitelli was attending the meetings at Wardour Hall. The "reds" could scarcely believe it. He had been their leader, their champion, the mainspring of their machinery. In his absence they became disorganized, dispirited, and scat-

tered. The final blow to their cause came when, in behalf of a crusade for temperance reform, Vitelli took his place in a parade to Hyde Park, under the banner of Wardour Hall, and marched through Soho with all his former associates looking on from the sidewalks. As the parade marched along Oxford Street, he was recognized by many to whom he had been known as a violent and irrepressible agitator.

It was not long before he was a Wardour Hall speaker himself. With all his former passion and abandon, he bore testimony to the wonderful change that had come to him. It was still a mystery. He could not understand it. Sometimes it seemed like a dream. But it was a fact, a soul-thrilling, life-transforming fact. There was his wife, who for years had been a weak, sickly, helpless invalid, now well and strong and happy. There was his bright and joy-filled home. There was he, himself, who a year ago was a fierce, bloodthirsty, unscrupulous, dangerous agitator, now actuated by tenderness, love, and helpfulness. These were facts, not fables, not theories, not abstract principles, not dreams, not fancies, but *facts*.

He generally concluded his burning little speeches with this significant peroration: "When I was an anarchist I used to say, 'Down! down! with everything that's up!' Now I say, 'Up! up! with everything that's down!'"

II

IN "LITTLE, OLD NEW YORK"

IV

THE BREADLINERS

ABOUT thirty years ago, two distinguished Americans, on entering the English Hotel in Jerusalem, found a telegram awaiting them from Smyrna, the principal seaport of Asia Minor. It was from a man with whose name they were not familiar and extended an invitation to visit him, the reason for which they did not understand.

The two men were Dr. DeWitt Talmage, in his day one of the most popular of American preachers, and Dr. Louis Klopsch, of *The Christian Herald*. They were returning from the Russian capital, where they had been received and cordially thanked by the Czar for the succor they had given the Russian peasants during the great famine.

The man who had sent the telegram was John Parkinson, head of the English-speaking Seamen's Institute in Smyrna. The invitation was politely acknowledged by the travelers and declined on the ground of their desire to catch a certain steamer which was to take them home. When they reached Smyrna, however, John Parkinson was on hand to

meet them. He was a sturdy, persistent, bulldog sort of Englishman—one of the kind who, when once he gets hold, does not let go. He assured the Americans that their steamer would not sail for a day or two, and once again urged his request that they become his guests. A greater power than Parkinson, working on lines of which both men were unconscious, had ordained this meeting of Parkinson and Klopsch. A work of vital importance was to be accomplished in New York, for which the Providential plans were being laid in Asia Minor.

Louis Klopsch was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known. Born in Germany, he was brought to America when an infant, by his father, Dr. Omar Klopsch, a German revolutionist of the 1848 party. He spent his boyhood in the down-town east side of New York. Quite early in life he recognized a clear call to the peculiar, if not unique, mission of teaching people how to give, and of bringing them to a consciousness of the unspeakable joy of giving. To this end he devoted his superb business abilities. He became a publisher, first of some small magazines, and finally of *The Christian Herald*. Then, with Dewitt Talmage as chief editor, he ran its circulation up to a figure never before reached by any distinctively religious newspaper in the world.

THE BREADLINERS

The message which, from beginning to end, the paper carried to the homes of the people of America was "Give, give, give!" Before his life closed, in 1910, Dr. Klopsch was recognized as the foremost almoner of American charity. Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft gave him their unreserved confidence, foreign countries looked to him first when any great disaster or emergency arose, and his was always the first contribution to "touch the spot."

Louis Klopsch's special type of philanthropy was the feeding of hungry multitudes. When famines occurred in Russia, India, China, Japan, Sweden, Finland and other countries, he was invariably the first to render aid. Through the State Department at Washington he acted instantly in sending money to the spot. He collected grain or whatever was needed with great dispatch and promptly shipped it from an American seaport. Then, off he would go himself to personally supervise the distribution, paying his own expenses on every occasion. He would organize a reputable local committee to carry on the work, and, returning to his desk in New York, would report to his subscribers, and stimulate them to further efforts and gifts until the emergency had passed. Before he died, he had distributed, in this way, millions of dollars, and saved unnumbered lives. In acknowledgment of this wonderful work he was honored and decorated by the

Czar of Russia, the Kings of England and Denmark, the Emperor of Japan, and other potentates and governments.

While in Smyrna, the Klopsch-Talmage party visited the Seamen's Institute, and a fact emerged which thrilled Klopsch, and profoundly affected him during the remainder of his life.

John Parkinson gave his " testimony," and it ran as follows: John was an Englishman, and had been a sailor all his life—a rough, storm-beaten, rum-drinking, adventure-loving sailor. Every time his ship made the port of New York, John made a bee-line for the Bowery. There he remained until every cent of money he possessed was squandered in the bars, dives, and dance-halls of the famous thoroughfare. One night, hopelessly drunk, he reeled into a place which he imagined to be one of the " resorts," and fell, unconscious and helpless, just inside the door. When he wakened, he found that instead of being (as oftentime previously) in a police-cell, he was in a comfortable bed, in a decently furnished room. He could not understand it, of course, and did not, until a tall, white-haired man, with a face which fairly beamed with good nature, and eyes that twinkled with humor, came in and said, " Well now, sonny, where do you think you are? "

" God knows. I don't. Tell me! " was the reply. Then came the fact. What, or who made

the white-haired man say what he did to the drunken sailor, I leave the reader to judge.

"My boy," he said, "you staggered into the room below this one, last night, and fell helplessly drunk inside the door. You are now in the house of God. *You are never going to drink again.* You are going to stay with me until you are thoroughly sobered up. You have been given to me to take care of. I am going to pray for you. You are going to pray yourself. When you go out you are going out a MAN, a new creature. *You are never going to drink again.*"

The speaker was James W. Childs, Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, then located at No. 12 Bowery, and his was a true prophecy. It was more than a prophecy; it was a FACT. John Parkinson never again drank a drop of liquor. He left James Childs a new-born man. He kept on with his seafaring life. He endured great ridicule, and for a time real persecution, at the hands of his shipmates, but he never faltered for one moment. On his visits to New York he hastily made his way to Mr. Childs, and in the mission meetings told his wonderful story, the FACT of his transformed life. Wherever he went he sought out opportunities for telling his story. In the East End of London, in St. George's Square, Liverpool, on the Barbary Coast, of San Francisco, in missions and the open-air meetings of the Salvation Army, he would publish the FACT of the great change, until, by and by,

he was made Superintendent of the Seamen's Institute in Smyrna.

As Parkinson described the wickedness of the Bowery and the good work done by Mr. Childs, Dr. Klopsch was deeply interested.

"Here is something I must look into when I get home," he said to himself. He did so, and found out some startling things.

In the first place, he found out that Parkinson had in no sense exaggerated the terrible vice and corruption of the Bowery. Secondly, that the only efforts being made to remedy such a state of affairs were those of this little band of workers, who called themselves the Bowery Mission. Thirdly, that the wonderful results which had accrued as represented by the rescue of individual souls from this terrible maelstrom of evil were beyond all praise. Fourthly, that James Childs had recently died, as had other workers, leaving the remainder short of funds, very much discouraged, and about to close the place.

With his rare intuitive and penetrating business instinct, Dr. Klopsch quickly grasped the situation, and still feeling the thrill of Parkinson's story, gladly and enthusiastically took upon himself the entire financial responsibility of the institution, and, from that time until the day of his death, March 7, 1910, planned, prayed, worked, and watched in the most assiduous way to further its interests.

In the days of which I now write there could be no question as to the notorious pre-eminence of the Bowery in vice, immorality, and crime, but in later years it had also become the harboring-place of homeless and destitute men. There is a spot away up Niagara River, a mile or two above the Falls, which is called " Past-Redemption Point." When once any boat, or fallen tree, or unfortunate human being passes that point, the force of the tremendous current is such that there is scarcely one chance in a thousand of salvation from the thundering Falls and the yawning gorge below. Morally regarded, such a spot was the Bowery. Men who came there were not far from the place where the last hope faded—the swift rapids, the falls, and blank despair.

Niagara River furnishes yet another grim analogy to the Bowery. One of the shortest rivers in the world, yet it gathers within its narrow gorge the waters of a vast watershed covering half a continent. It is fed by ten thousand springs, some of them fifteen hundred miles away. The great lakes —Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie—force their mighty volume of water down its narrow bed, at the rate of a billion and a half cubic feet an hour. For the realm of fallen humanity the Bowery performed a similar duty. Into its narrow gorge poured a vast, continuous stream of human life, which gathered from the human watersheds of old Europe, from every state in the American

union, from almost every town and hamlet of Canada.

At the time Louis Klopsch became interested in the life of the Bowery, fifty thousand men were to be found nightly in its cheap hotels and lodging-houses. Only a very few of these places were even relatively decent or clean; the majority were pestiferous, and the men were like the places.

Outside, beneath the pitiless stars, was a great uncountable host of poor, outcast waifs, who never slept in a bed at all, but walked the streets all night, or slept on park benches, in empty trucks, or in hallways, over the basement-gratings of newspaper offices; who secured just enough food to keep them alive by begging it, grabbing it from saloon free-lunch counters, or picking it out of the swill-barrels on the sidewalks.

Homeless! There is no pen or tongue that can adequately portray the gloomy horror of homelessness. John Howard Payne, author of *Home, Sweet Home,* used to say that often in the streets of London, Paris, or Berlin, he had heard his own famous song sung or played when he had not a penny in his pocket, or a place in which to lay his head. One of the first men I came to know on the Bowery was a homeless old man who had been an intimate friend of John Howard Payne, and who, when Payne's body was brought back to New York for burial, was one of the casket-bearers.

A homeless man is utterly bereft of all the little

decencies and necessities of life. He has no means of keeping himself clean or tidy; no bathroom or washstand; no soap or towel, or hairbrush, to say nothing of a toothbrush or shoe-shine. He quickly becomes a disquieting, disturbing, loathsome, repellent influence in the life of even the lowest grade of society. He is avoided by everyone.

But the most maddening and clamant feature of the homeless man's life is *hunger,* and it did not take Dr. Klopsch long to discover that there were multitudes of men in the richest city of the wealthiest country in the world, who were literally dying of hunger, as surely as were the peasants of Russia to whose needs he had recently rendered such splendid service.

He at once inaugurated what afterward became so widely known as the Bowery Mission Bread Line. At one o'clock every morning during the winter months—from Thanksgiving Day to Easter—he provided a breakfast of bread and hot coffee, for one thousand men. It was given at that hour to insure the presence of homeless men only, for it was regarded as practically certain that any man having the price of a bed would be occupying it at one o'clock in the morning.

What a scene that Bread Line was! It would have taken the pen of a Dickens, or the pencil of a Dorè, or the tongue of a John B. Gough to adequately describe it. As time went on, I, of course, became accustomed to witness it; but I was never

able to do so unmoved. Long before the hour of opening the doors, these hungry men stood in a single line, so faint and weary that many of them, unable to stand upright, dropped in the snow. As the dreary waiting minutes dragged along, the line would curl itself round the corner, then the next corner, and finally circumscribe the entire block! Just waiting for a cup of coffee and a piece of bread! When the doors were opened the dismal throng trooped in. Ill-clad and shivering, dilapidated, discouraged, despairing; homeless, friendless, penniless; tattered and battered; men on crutches, men trembling in approaching paralysis, or gripped in the throes of consumption, men who should have been in hospital instead of walking the streets; youths who had been unexpectedly stranded; old men whose friends had all died off, and who had no relatives to turn to, who had committed no other crime than that of growing old!

Charles Wagner, author of *The Simple Life*, came in one night. He had just been entertained in a wealthy club uptown. The contrast was so terrible that it overcame him. He watched the scene for some time—men maddened by hunger, tortured by cold, devouring the bread with wolfish ravenousness, and gulping down the hot coffee. Then with something like a sob in his voice, he said, "I have seen many gatherings in America, but nothing that has touched me like this."

Speaking quite recently at the Bowery Mission,

Governor Alfred E. Smith, referring to this Bread Line scene, said that often when he had friends visiting the city, he had brought them down to look at it, and declared it to be the very best and purest kind of philanthropy he knew to thus minister to needy men.

The Bread Line has had its critics. There were those who, accustomed to work along systematized lines of investigation and discrimination in the giving of what they called charity, conscientiously objected to giving help of this kind to a promiscuous crowd. It was putting a premium on laziness, they said; it was pauperizing men; it was altogether too indiscriminate in scope and character. But as time went on, establishment of the Bread Line was abundantly justified. The charge that it was supporting lazy loafers who would not work, even when they had the chance, was proved to be cruelly unjust. It has been proved from the experience of the Mission Free Labor Bureau, how the overwhelming majority of men were simply agonizing for work, and we know also that the cause of so many being in the Bread Line was simply the fact that there were far more men than jobs.

Moreover, there were two facts that furnished incontrovertible proof of the willingness of these men to work. First, on every occasion when a snowstorm struck the city and snow-shovellers were needed the authorities came at once to the

Bread Line. They never found any hesitation on the part of the Bread Liners in accepting this opportunity of earning a few dollars, although the conditions of employment were so onerous. Many of them would work twelve or fourteen hours in the snow, with leaky shoes and in thin clothing; and the only sustenance they received was the coffee and bread of the Bread Line. Secondly, when the United States went into the World War, there sprang up at once an enormous demand for men. In the camps and cantonments, in shipbuilding yards, on the railroads, and elsewhere, men must be had. The Bowery was appealed to. As many as twenty or thirty agencies were opened on the famous street, and men as they arrived were shipped off to earn living wages; probably, in some cases, for the first time in their lives.

What about the Bread Liners? Did they respond? With the exception of a small proportion of old, sick, and infirm men, they gladly, enthusiastically, accepted the chance to earn an honest living at decent wages. The Bread Line was no longer needed.

But the saving thousands of hapless men from death by starvation was not the only thing accomplished by the Bread Line. John Parkinson, of Smyrna, never dreamed when, by his simple, earnest words, he set Louis Klopsch's heart on fire, that he was doing the finest bit of mission work that had ever been known. Klopsch never would

allow his activities to be referred to as *charity*. That beautiful word had become too hackneyed and debased. A millionaire might fling a coin to a beggar in the gutter and call it charity. A society with a big name, and an efficiency-produced system of investigation, third-degreeing, and card-indexing of the pedigrees and antecedents of applicants, might dispense many coins donated by millionaires and call it *charity*. The Bread Line was not a *charity*, it was a *hospitality*, a simple, loving giving of bread to the hungry and water to the thirsty, according to the spirit of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel. The Bread Line had a *soul* in it, and it touched the souls of men.

Bob Williams came to the Bread Line from Bellevue Hospital because he had nowhere else to go. He was using crutches and the plaster cast was still on his newly-set leg. Bellevue was crowded. He acknowledged that those in charge had done well by him, and when they told him that they thought "he could manage now, and that they needed his cot," he made no protest. And so there he was, on the streets, with no roof to cover him and no money in his pocket. He made his way to the Bowery and waited for the Bread Line to open. There was something other than his hunger and homelessness that was troubling Bob. For several weeks he had been crushed down by a mountainous load of remorse. The light of his life had been

extinguished, and for some time he had lived in black, impenetrable, midnight darkness.

Bob Williams, however, was a brave man. He still possessed the invaluable asset of moral courage. He was a veteran of the Civil War, but no one would have thought it, for he looked more like a man of fifty than seventy-two. For more than twenty years he had lived a decent life in an almost ideally happy home, where his wife and two young daughters united in making everything pleasant for him. Their ship was sailing along quite peacefully when, suddenly, an altogether unexpected storm swept up. The beloved wife and mother—the mainstay of the home—sickened and died. The blow was too much for Bob. He staggered beneath the suddenly-imposed burden of responsibility. He had always been an easy-going, indolent sort of chap. He had never cared to allow his mind to dwell on the possibility of being without his wife's loving care and wise resourcefulness. Although she had been ill for five weeks—during which time he had been unremitting in his attention to her, scarcely, if ever, taking his clothes off at night, but waiting every moment for her slightest call—it was not until a few hours before she died that he realized such an event might happen. When she took him by the hand as he sat at her bedside, and said, in a feeble voice, " Bob, I want you to promise me that you will take care of the girls after I am gone," he gazed at her vacantly—stunned, dazed, terri-

fied! At that moment his brain reeled, and did not recover its proper poise for many weeks. His wife repeated her request, and in dulled tones he stammered out a promise, the solemnity of which he never realized.

"Yes, yes, honey, I'll do it," he said brokenly.

He was a church member, and thoroughly respected by his neighbors, his employers, and all who knew him. But, on returning from the cemetery to the wifeless home, he forgot everything but the terrible bruise he had suffered from this cruel and, as he saw it, unjust bereavement. For hours he sat, a sullen, sour, sorrowing mortal, until the mental pain became unbearable. The world around him was a vacancy. He spoke to none. He recognized none to whom he could speak. When his terrified children drew near they were appalled at the change that had come over this hitherto kind and genial man. When they spoke to him he made no reply. He simply stared. There was a ghastly and ghostly look in his hollow, lifeless eyes that thrilled them with horror. They rushed for the doctor, who, when he examined him, declared it a case of serious nervous prostration.

Then came several weeks of slow and weary convalescence, during which frequent doses of brandy and milk were administered to him, arousing in him a desire for alcohol which had lain dormant for fifteen years. The moment he was able to get out-of-doors, he betook himself to a saloon,

where he spent all the loose money he had. Then he sold his furniture, took his two children to the Children's Court and had them committed to an institution. He then returned to the saloon, staying there three weeks, drinking one bottle of whiskey after another.

In an altogether irresponsible condition of mind, and with nerves all unstrung, he returned to work. But work was impossible. The pain was still gnawing at his heart, now augmented by remorse. Stepping from a trolley car, he slipped on the icy ground and broke his leg. He was taken to Bellevue and, while lying there, his youngest child was brought to see him. She knelt by his bedside and prayed, "O God, save my papa and make him a good man." That broke his heart. He, too, prayed, and the prayer brought instant relief, for it brought him into contact with the Source of all strength, comfort, and hope. A few days afterwards came his discharge from Bellevue Hospital and his appearance on the Bread Line. He was immediately taken in hand and cared for while his leg was mending, and when fit for work, a position was found for him. He fully redeemed the promise given to his wife. The children were taken out of the institution, and provided with a home.

Bob never again lost hold. He became one of the leaders of the Mission, and one evening was one of the principal performers in a very touching drama. Rev. Robert H. Carson, of Grace Presby-

terian Church, Brooklyn, was the speaker of the evening. I had greeted him as he entered the door, and almost immediately afterwards a man came in and proceeded down the aisle to the platform.

"Who is that man?" said Mr. Carson in an eager voice.

"Why, that's Bob Williams. He conducts the meeting tonight and will introduce you to your audience," I said.

The preacher placed his hand upon his brow as though he had received a sudden electric shock; then a smile, not exactly of incredulity, but of joyous wonderment, came over his features as he said, "Why, Bob Williams was a member of my church two years ago. He gave way to drink, and the last time I visited him he threatened to kick me down stairs if I did not leave at once." Then ensued a delightful reunion between the pastor and the restored member of his flock. After permitting him a few years of earnest service, God took Bob Williams home.

One winter, a few years ago—a winter of bitter inclemency—I noticed, every evening, a poor, forlorn individual who seemed to be in the uttermost extremity of need, sitting on the front bench of the Mission auditorium. His tall, thin form was covered with a threadbare, waterproof overcoat, the buttons of which had disappeared and been

replaced by safety pins. The highest safety pin was fixed right under his chin, which obviated the necessity for collar or tie. The coat was long enough to hide all discrepancies and excrescences underneath, down to his ankles; and would, if it could, no doubt have hidden his feet. But the feet were large and obtrusive, and appeared even larger than they actually were, because of an exceedingly dilapidated pair of rubbers which covered them. These were securely tied to the man's feet by copper wire. His face was unwashed and partially covered by a thin, untidy beard. His dark hair was long and unkempt. He was evidently unaware of, or indifferent to, that unique institution on the Bowery, the Free Barber's School, where poor men could get free shaves and hair-cuts in return for allowing themselves to be practised on by young, raw barbers.

The man was a heartrending picture of dumb despair and utter hopelessness. He sat, or stood, with the rest of the audience, always looking out vacantly from a pair of hollow, lack-lustre eyes. He asked for nothing. When spoken to by any of the ushers he would answer in monosyllables, without seemingly understanding the purport of the question put to him. He always left before the meeting was over, making it impossible for me to speak to him. It was generally supposed that he was not quite *compos mentis*. I was informed that he was to be found on the Bread Line every morn-

ing, with the same regularity as in the meetings, and that he acted there in the same peculiarly aloof and vacant way.

It was there that I finally found him. He was standing alone in one corner of the Breakfast Room, a bread-roll in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other; and the familiar far-away look in his eyes. Now, I have long since learned from experience that success or failure in interviewing a man such as this lies in the right or wrong kind of approach. I have learned, furthermore, that the surest way to failure is to begin by asking questions. Until some measure of confidence is established, the fewer questions asked the better. In this case I had not long to wait. After telling him how glad I had been to see him so regularly at the meetings, and assuring him by my manner, rather than by words, that I was not going to "investigate," or probe into the secrets of his life, he spoke freely, almost volubly, of his circumstances. To my great surprise, he spoke in the terminology and manner of a cultured gentleman.

It was a sad story! There was a cloud on his life, and possibly had I allowed him, he would have lifted the veil. It was sufficient for me to know that he had passed through a period of terrible suffering from brain fever in Bellevue Hospital, and since being discharged he had never once slept in a bed. He had practically partaken of no food except that he obtained on the Bread Line; he had

little clothing on underneath the old waterproof. He felt he could not beg. He had no friends. He could not summon up sufficient courage to end his life in a violent manner, but had firmly and determinedly resolved to die by a slow and gradual method. He felt the end was coming quickly. A few more days and he would fall from sheer exhaustion in the street, and would be picked up and taken by an ambulance to a hospital. There he would die. His body would lie for a short time in the morgue, and then be taken to Potter's Field. Such was his deliberately undertaken plan.

I interrupted it. I saw him taken care of for the rest of that night. I gave him peremptory orders to report at the office of the Mission at ten o'clock. Then I left written instructions for my secretary to see that, immediately on his arrival, "Mr." Grimshaw was to have a bath, shave, hair-cut, and full rig-out of clothing, from hat to shoes, and I would see him at the evening meeting. During the course of the day, I had a telephone message from my secretary, saying that everything I had ordered had been carried out, and, he added, "You'll never recognize him, he looks so different."

The physical metamorphosis was certainly striking. In the evening I met a handsome, upstanding, courteous, intelligent-looking young man. His mental outlook, together with his spiritual consciousness, were manifestly changed for the better. He had evidently just needed the psychological

"boost" of a little genuine sympathy. He was so intellectually resourceful that he did not need much extraneous help afterwards. He stood up manfully, and fought his own battle. He was not long in securing a position in his own line of business, which was that of analytical chemist. There he remained until a much better position was offered him. Today, he is a successful and influential man.

I cannot finish the story without saying that during the time he was in New York, he kept in close touch with the Bowery Mission, and especially with the Bread Line. Remembering his own torturing experience of friendlessness, he constituted himself a sort of voluntary usher and general handshaker. He was present at almost every meeting, and no stranger could enter the door, or get past him in the aisle, without a hearty shake of the hand, a smile, and a word of welcome. He found, one night, on the Bread Line, an old man shabbily dressed, but possessing that one unfailing badge of gentility, a silk hat. Tenaciously he held on to a book, which seemed to be a very precious relic of former days. Grimshaw brought him to me. We found that he was considerably over eighty years of age and without home, friends, or work; that he had failed to pay the rent of a bedroom he had been occupying and had been ejected. The previous night he had spent in a filthy five-cent lodging-house. As in many other cases, destitution and suffering had affected his brain. There

was really no need for him to be without friends and home. He had occupied a worthy position in society, having held chairs in two universities. He was the writer of the book he was carrying around with him. He was a D.D. and a Ph.D.; but he had grown old, and with age had come poverty and an extreme sensitiveness which forbade his appealing to friends, so one by one they had dropped out of his life. It was not at all difficult to verify his story, or to interest his old-time friends in his case. An appointment to a chaplaincy in a Home for Aged People, in Brooklyn, quickly followed, where he became employed in congenial work, with every comfort supplied.

It would not be difficult to fill a large volume with the records of many men, who, like Bob Williams, Grimshaw, and this weather-beaten old doctor of divinity, were rescued from the swirl of misfortune through the instrumentality of the Bread Line.

John Parkinson, James W. Childs, and Louis Klopsch have all passed to where there is no more hunger. But multitudes whose lives were literally saved by the coffee and the roll will never cease to gratefully reverence the institution of the Bread Line brought into being through their instrumentality. Louis Klopsch can be regarded as the actual Founder of the Bread Line, but John Parkinson, of Smyrna, spoke the word that inspired Klopsch;

and James W. Childs struck the spark that set the soul of Parkinson aflame with missionary zeal. A truly blessed trio! Who is able to compute the good these three men wrought in this complex and needy world?

V

BENKE

ONE summer Sunday morning, about an hour after dawn, two tramps occupied a bench in Tompkins Square Park, on the East side of the city. They were strangers and sat at the opposite ends of the bench. The elder of the two had spent the night in a truck in Shinbone Alley, just off the Bowery; the younger man had occupied, for the thirteenth successive night, a sheltered nook in an East River lumber-yard, with, as he afterwards grimly said, "*board* thrown in!"

Fritz had been disturbed in, and driven from, his de luxe apartment in Shinbone Alley, owing to a spasm of police activity then prevailing as a consequence of the Parkhurst upheaval. He had promptly walked over to Tompkins Square, preempted the bench seat, and fallen into a snooze, from which he was awakened by the arrival of the lumber-yard denizen.

Growling out a profane protest at being aroused, he added the not unnatural query, "Where hev yuh come'd from?"

Well might he ask the question! Even in those days of sodden and sordid misery, familiar as he

MRS. BIRD'S NIGHT AT THE BOWERY MISSION

was with the rags and wretchedness of the tramp world, he had never come across a more pitiable-looking object. The newcomer was a mere boy, barely out of his 'teens, but he looked more like a baboon than a human being. He had no covering for his huge mop of gnarled and knotted black hair. His face was streaked and caked with dirt, and covered with a beard of many months' growth. Peering through these repulsive externals, however, were a pair of round, lustrous black eyes which, seen under other surroundings, would instantly have denoted genius.

His clothing was simply a few ragged, dirty, ill-fitting garments which barely covered his nakedness, and accentuated his unhuman appearance.

Spoken to so gruffly by the other occupant of the bench, he gave a startled look at the questioner, and evidently not understanding the words, said in German, "*Ich bin mude und hungerich.*"

Thereupon Fritz, hearing his mother tongue and distinguishing an unmistakably cultivated accent in it, smiled, and, himself speaking German, asked, "In the name of heaven, who are you, and where do you come from?"

Then the boy, in a feverish fashion, gave a short autobiographical sketch of himself, concluding by saying that his name was Victor Hugo.

"Why, that's French," said Fritz, "are you a Frenchman?"

"No. My father was a Pole, my mother was a

Frenchwoman, but I was born in Germany, and I am a German subject. My full name is Victor Hugo Benke."

The conversation was continued in German, as Benke knew little English; but in that conversation Fritz told him that, if he were hungry, the best thing to do was to go along to the Bowery Mission where, after a long meeting, during which he could go to sleep if he cared to, " Mother " Bird always gave a luncheon to her " boys."

Off the pair started. The Mission doors had just been opened and a great crowd of drab and dusty men were surging in. Fritz and his companion found seats towards the rear, and Benke, following out his mentor's instructions, promptly went to sleep. He slept noisily, but it did not seem to matter. There were many contributors to the general nasal chorus.

He was awakened by a loud, concerted shout of " Good morning," from the men in reply to a like greeting, " Good morning, boys," which had come from the lips of a sweet-faced stately woman in widow's garb, who had taken her place on the platform.

" Mother " Bird was the widow of Thomas H. Bird, a Brooklyn merchant, who, a few years previously, had died in his beautiful home at Upper Montclair, New Jersey. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bird had been, for many years, prominent and active members of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. At Mr.

Bird's death, Mrs. Bird, in addition to other activities in the lower section of the city, had established a work among homeless men. She regarded it as a memorial to her husband. Twice a week she gathered into the Bowery Mission a crowd of forlorn, dejected, dispirited men, who, after a meeting of inordinate and exasperating length, were generously regaled with a lunch of sandwiches and coffee.

At the far end of the long room, which had formerly been a store, stood an old Chickering grand piano. Well-thumbed, paper-backed hymn books, very much the worse for wear, were distributed amongst the men. Usually only a small proportion ever really made any attempt to sing, and their voices, as a rule, being not over-mellifluous, the effect was anything but inspiring.

On this particular morning, it was more than usually depressing, because of the absence of Mrs. O'Hara, who played the piano. After a few attempts at unaccompanied congregational harmony —made futile because of brave but misdirected efforts to strike the right keynote—Mrs. Bird made an appeal—" Was there anyone present who could play? "

It was so startling, and so comical a suggestion that many smiled, and some laughed outright, frankly and heartily. It was a joke, they evidently believed, although Mrs. Bird did not often indulge in joking in her meetings.

Mrs. Bird smiled a broad smile herself. Benke was awake, and thinking the little commotion might be indicative of the approach of lunch, asked Fritz about it. With much muttered profanity, Fritz explained the situation, and with his battered face also breaking into smiles, he was proceeding to dwell upon the humorous aspects of the case, when, catching sight of Benke's expression, he stopped open-mouthed with astonishment and asked what was "the matter with the kid?":

All at once Benke seemed transformed. His two great coal-black eyes were aflame with a new light, and shone like two lamps through the dirty and dusty cloud that lay upon his features. With the grimy fingers of one hand he had grasped the torn lapel of Fritz's coat, while with his other hand he held to the bench in front of him, and half raising himself, he was saying, not in a whisper, but in feverish and excited accents that startled all who were near him: "*Ich kann spielen, Ich kann spielen*" ("I can play"). Then he dropped back as though afraid of his own impulsive utterance.

Fritz, in sheer wonder, was silent for a moment; then, with a sudden outburst, he said: "You can play? *you? you?* Then go ahead and play, and you'll make your fortune!"

Benke pulled himself to his feet, struggled through the line, and shambled quickly down in the direction of the piano. In his ill-fitting shoes he could not walk very gracefully, and he was, with-

out doubt, excited. Mrs. Bird cast a startled look at the approaching figure, and waited. The men, of whom the majority were now quite wide-awake, were convulsed, arousing their sleepier brethren with such sentences as "Pipe de mug what's goin' ter play," "Gee, luk at Professor Hobo! " "Go to it, Roobenstein! "

When the strange, odd figure, of almost unearthly uncouthness, reached the platform, Mrs. Bird smilingly handed him the hymn book, saying, "That is what we are trying to sing—No. 216." He did not understand her, but he saw her smile, and as he said in after years, "She was so kind, and the tones of her voice were so tender that I was at once reminded of my mother."

This increased the volume of emotion that was surging within him. When he had placed the book on the piano, and seated himself facing the audience he looked a little more human. A new light had crept into his eyes, and (was it possible?) something like a smile played about his lips. He straightened himself on the stool, rubbed his hands together to get a little of the stiffness out of his cramped finger joints, and looked into the grinning and derisive faces of the mob in front of him. Then his dark, horny hands fell upon the keys in a full, resounding chord. Instant silence reigned throughout the big room. It was long since the old piano had felt the touch of such a masterful hand. It seemed to respond to it as a horse re-

sponds to the call of a loved rider, for sounds, melodies, harmonies, were being emitted from its wires such as they had rarely, if ever, known.

The player himself was thousands of miles away. He had forgotten the book on the piano rest, and Mrs. Bird, and the frowsy, untidy men; he was oblivious even to his own hunger and fatigue. He was reveling in a paradise of perfect sound. He was feasting at a banquet of spiritual delights. To him, birds were singing, stars were shining. He was in another world, thousands of leagues above the dire, dreadful, horrible world of the Bowery. He was back, centuries ago it seemed, in a happy home circle at Ratibor, where each child played an instrument, and where he, the youngest, the prodigy of the family, held in his hand a tiny violin, and his childish eyes watched for the beat of the conductor, his father. Then evidently the scene changed, for martial strains were heard; he was in the ranks of the Military Academy in Berlin, and was saluting his Emperor. On, and on, he played, hungry to commune with his beloved masters, Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and his beloved Schubert.

The effect upon the listening men was overpowering. The startling surprise of having a poor, wretched tramp emerge from their own ragged ranks as a musical wonder, quickly gave way to the strong emotions stirred within them by his playing. He aroused new and unaccustomed vibrations that

thrilled every auditor. They, too, saw vivid pictures of former days. Little children climbing on their knees, " Home, sweet home " of long ago, romantic scenes of young manhood, when their lips knew something of lovers' kisses. Tears were in many eyes, and wonder in all.

The player went on in rapt absorption for some time, improvising and telling in tone-pictures the dramatic story of his life; no one made the slightest attempt to interrupt him, until some intuitive inner voice brought him back to the facts of the present.

Fritz, in the excitement of the proceedings, had stolen to the front, and had informed Mrs. Bird how, that morning, he had found this wonderful prodigy in Tompkins Square Park, at the same time offering his services as interpreter.

" They want you to play No. 216," he said to his young friend, in whom he now felt the most exultant pride.

Without hesitation, Benke obeyed, and the men arose to sing *Rescue the Perishing*.

Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn writer, had found her inspiration for that hymn in the Bowery Mission. One night she had talked with a despairing man in the Mission, and had been successful in awakening hope in his heart. As soon as she arrived at her home, she wrote the verses which have perhaps been sung more frequently than any other hymn during the last century. It was a strange

coincidence that Benke, in his first contact with the Mission, should accompany Fanny Crosby's most popular production. In the years that followed, the two became great friends, and collaborated in the bringing out of hundreds of other hymns.

There was not much fault to be found with the singing during the remainder of the meeting. Indeed it was the feature of the service. The tramp-accompanist never left the piano until the benediction was pronounced. As hymn after hymn was sung, and the aroused and delighted men waxed in their enthusiasm, Benke seemed to realize something of the character of the meeting, and made his accompaniments more and more inspiring. Never had the men heard such playing. It was not a mere mechanical hammering out of the written score. There were runs, chromatic cadences, trills and twists, that ran in between the lines, and deep diapasons and strange, strong, sub-tones that kept pace with the voices, but away down beneath them like a subterranean orchestra. Sometimes it seemed as though there was a chorus of birds outside the windows, thrushes, linnets, and larks joining in the song; but over all the main melody of the hymn was distinctly heard. carrying along the lusty voices of the crowd.

Following the meeting and the after lunch, Mrs. Bird, in tender terms, thanked the stranger, gave

him money, and invited him to her other meeting on the following Thursday evening.

Fritz had no idea of losing such a wonderful "find." He had, himself, a prospect of securing work in Newark. So he and Benke walked over the meadows together to the New Jersey city, and being thirsty, entered the first saloon they came across. There they dissipated Mrs. Bird's little money gift. Fritz went on to his promised position. Benke, at the request of the saloon keeper, who needed a man, stayed on to sweep out the place in exchange for his board and a place in which to sleep.

Never for one moment, however, did Benke forget his Sunday morning experience; Mrs. Bird, her kindly words, her little gift, her earnest invitation to come again, the old Chickering grand, the homeless men, and their singing. On the Thursday he found his way back to the Bowery, and was one of the crowd that stood waiting for the Mission doors to open.

Mrs. Bird was overjoyed to see him again, and at once installed him as her pianist, a position he held until the day of his untimely death, ten years later. In motherly fashion, she at once set to work to repair the damages that a reckless and self-indulgent life had made apparent. Decent clothes to wear, a comfortable room to live in, regular meals, and congenial surroundings were all quickly arranged. A small salaried position was secured

for him in the restaurant which was at that time included in the Bowery Mission activities.

Meanwhile he made phenomenal progress in learning the English language, so that in a very short time he was able to make Mrs. Bird acquainted with the facts of his past life. He was a member of one of the best known families in Ratibor, a town of Silesia. His father was at one time mayor of that city. It was a musical family, his eldest brother, Ernest, being one of the finest 'cello players in Europe, and for many years 'cello soloist in Sir Charles Halle's orchestra, in Manchester, England.

In early life Victor became dissipated. After his mother's death, his conduct became rapidly worse, bringing anxiety, shame and disgrace into the lives of his sisters, until, their patience being exhausted, they dispatched him to the United States, where they imagined he would be free from temptation, and where his musical talent would enable him to prosper. Upon his arrival in New York, he quickly disposed of the fund provided by his sisters, and wrote home asking for more. This he did repeatedly, until at last their patience became exhausted, and he was left to his own resources.

Then he quickly went down. In the course of twelve months he was in the ranks of trampdom. He endured the suffering and privation inseparable from a tramp's life, but in his case it was made more agonizing by his helplessness, being a stran-

ger and not knowing the language. He worked at any little odd jobs he could pick up, principally in saloons where the owner or the barkeeper was a German. Failing employment, he begged, and on several occasions found himself in town jails as a consequence. At times he would start off on a "hike" through suburban and country districts, and quickly learned the art of blind-baggage transportation.

There came a chapter in his biography when, in a saloon in Baltimore, he was made drunk and "shanghied" to an oyster boat. Here, on the understanding that he was to receive ten dollars a week for his services, he worked hard for eight weeks, being often brutally ill-treated, and found, to his dismay, when the engagement terminated, that instead of being a creditor of the boat he was a debtor. There was a contra-account for board, with a balance against him of forty-two cents!

After hearing the full story of Benke's life, Mrs. Bird became more deeply interested in her protégé, especially in his spiritual development. Like a plant in a new soil, under kindly nurture, he responded readily to her watchful care. About this time, a chain of providential circumstances seemed now to move in easy sequence in the rebuilding of his character.

Dwight L. Moody came to the city and held re-

vival meetings in the Cooper Union Institute. On a certain week day afternoon, Mrs. Bird had arranged to take Benke to hear the great evangelist, but they missed each other. When she arrived at the meeting, to her infinite and staggering surprise, she saw Benke seated at the piano, officiating for Moody!

It was afterwards explained that something had prevented Mr. Sankey being present at the opening of the meeting, and there was no one to play. Mr. Moody was in the act of explaining the difficulty when he found an earnest, snowy-haired gentleman tugging at his coat-tails and saying, " Mr. Moody, that young man sitting at the corner seat of the front bench is a magnificent pianist. He is a convert of the Bowery Mission."

Quick as a flash, Mr. Moody said to Benke in his direct and irresistible manner, " Young man, come up here and play for us. The Lord calls you. Come! " Benke went.

Then, as previously in the Bowery Mission, the singing proceeded without a hitch, and when Mr. Sankey entered during the second hymn, he was delighted to find such a gifted substitute provided.

The coming of Benke into contact with these two men brought a wonderful development in his life. They were so charmed with his playing and so thrilled by the story Mrs. Bird told them of his past life, that they engaged him for the remaining

meetings of that series. They never afterwards visited New York without securing him as their accompanist.

A disastrous fire swept through the Mission in March, 1897, in which eleven lives were lost. Benke was one of the survivors. This calamity necessitated a change in location of the Mission. The stately old building at No. 55 Bowery, known in former years as Gombossy's Music Hall, was occupied, and here, through the generosity and enterprise of Dr. Louis Klopsch, the famous old pipe-organ which had for many years been used in the Marquand Chapel of Princeton University, was erected.

Benke, whose whole life had been so wonderfully transformed, was now in his rightful element. He flung himself into his work with an all-consuming passion. His name became a household word amongst the tens of thousands of men who then lived in the Bowery. Every evening, half an hour before the time set for the service, he gave an organ recital, and tired, broken-spirited men flocked in great crowds to hear him. His fame spread to the churches, and on such special occasions as marriages and funerals he was in great demand as organist. Several times efforts were made to secure him as regular church organist, but each time he refused to leave the Bowery.

As a Gospel song composer, he became known

internationally. At the time of his death, he was under contract with Mr. Sankey, of the Bigelow and Main Company, to write two hundred songs. Multitudes of churchgoers have listened to his remarkably effective compositions in such solos as "Just As I Am," "Just for Today," "Long Ago," etc., without ever dreaming that these effusions were the productions of an ex-tramp.

He was once asked which of his compositions was his favorite. He replied, "My favorite will scarcely be considered a classic, but for personal reasons I prefer it. The words were written by one of our Bowery Mission workers, W. H. Horner, and the personal application to my own experience makes me like it best."

"Jesus redeemed and made me whole;
I can forget him never!
Out of the depths He brought my soul,
Now I am His forever.

"I'm holding on, I'm holding on;
Daily in grace I'm growing;
Fast to the Rock I'm holding on
Peace to my heart is flowing."

There is an interesting story of another of Benke's productions, told by a member of the Bowery Mission staff, John Goode. In his unregenerate days, in 1909-10, Mr. Goode lived in Chicago, in a saloon, on Harmon Court and

State Street. It was a rendezvous for thieves, tramps, yeggmen, highwaymen, and other desperate and degraded characters, and it was a time of utter lawlessness, in which burglaries, murders, and bomb throwing were daily occurrences. While this ghastly carnival of vice and crime was at its height, there was being enacted, in another part of Chicago, a very different but equally thrilling course of events. In one of the city armories, Gipsy Smith was preaching with power, singing with incomparable charm, and stirring his great congregations to unwonted depths of emotion. Under his leadership, with new and undauntable courage, parades were formed, and the "good news" was carried on banners and in song to places rarely visited by such people. The Harmon Street rendezvous was not forgotten. Many of the habitués heard the message of love and forgiveness, left the haunts of vice, joined the parades, were converted and became "new creatures." Amongst them was a girl who had been standing on the stoop of a house as the parade passed, and who joined it in the spirit of amusement. She was a talented girl, possessing a voice of remarkable sweetness and power.

That night saw the close of her wild and dissolute career. A splendid Christian woman met her, spoke to her, took her home with her, and a new day dawned and developed, and she became a Christian workers. Many of the levee people,

hearing of her conversion, were attracted to the little Mission on Clark Street, next door to "Hinky Dink's" saloon, where they heard her sing the song that had thrilled her deeply, as the evangelist, Gipsy Smith, sung it in the Armory—a song that led to the transformation of her life:

"How can I look on Calvary's Cross,
And see my Saviour there,
With outstretched arms the world to save,
My sins Himself to bear?

"O Love of God which brought me there,
O Love so deep, so true,
Come, fill my longing heart with light
And rapture thro' and thro'."

Both the author of the words and the composer of the music of this hymn were Bowery Mission converts. Thomas A. Owen, who wrote the words, was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, in Shropshire. He came to the Bowery Mission over twenty-three years ago. He was a victim, like so many others, of the drink habit, and was utterly depressed. He tried hard for many years to overcome this tyranny, and finally succeeded. He then established himself as a teacher in Canada, and married happily. He died three years ago. He had the joy of knowing that his song had become a wonderful power for good in

the world. The music was composed by Victor Benke.

In 1900, Benke established the Weekly Concerts of the Bowery Mission, which proved to be of such interest and value that, even after he had passed away, the Mission felt it a duty to continue them. Hans Kronold, the famous 'cellist, was one of the first to rally to Benke's side, and maintained a close connection with the concerts until his own death, two years ago. Many professional men and women paid tribute to the musical genius of Benke, and were delighted to be associated with him. The concerts became an established feature in the life of the Bowery, and have always been regarded as one of the most distinguishing features of the Mission work.

Ten years of crowded activities closed Benke's glorious young life. During the last three years he was associated with the Rev. F. H. Jacobs in the management of the famous Fulton Street Prayer Meeting. This occupied his hours from 9 A. M. till 6 P. M. Then came his work at the Bowery Mission in the evening until 10 or 11 P. M. He never arrived at his home, far up in the Bronx, until close on midnight. Most of his tunes were composed while he was riding on the elevated trains.

It was not only the length of his day, or the huge bulk of his accomplishments, but the strenuousness

and passion he put into every stroke of his musical work, that ultimately affected his health, and brought his brilliant young life to a premature close in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, on July 15, 1904. He literally died a martyr to hard work, and to a wholly unselfish zeal in his ministry to others. Therein lay his phenomenal power. He was everywhere accepted as a wonderful musical genius. Had he lived a few years longer, in all probability he would have acquired enduring fame. But he was overwhelmed by such a sense of gratitude to God for deliverance from his hell of despair that, as a caged bird escaping from the bars fills the air with showers of thrilling melodies, so he sang and played, and worked, in the spirit of quenchless altruism and dauntless love, all forgetful of himself, until the human instrument was overwrought, the strings were broken, the melody was mute!

But the gracious and uplifting influence that swept out upon the world and stirred the souls of multitudes, will not cease, but will go on in widening circles through the coming years.

VI

ON THE ROOF

THE story that the tall young Irishman told rarely failed to move his audience to laughter or to tears. To laughter, because of the richness of the brogue, and the genuineness of the wit that bubbled up irrepressibly through every sentence; to tears, because of the pathos of the incident which always formed the climax of his rapidly-told autobiographical sketch.

He had lived a wild, tumultuous life. Arrest at the age of eight for drunkenness was an appropriate and prophetic commencement of a career of sin, spent principally at sea, and in boisterous orgies at the different seaports of the world, and which finally culminated in his being nearly beaten to death by a New York policeman in a Bowery brawl. After being treated by physicians in hospital, he made his way to the Bowery Mission, with his head and ribs broken and bandaged, one of his shoulders dislocated, and not quite sure as to some other parts of his anatomy, except that they were frightfully sore. Both his eyes were blackened and his face bruised beyond recognition. He had been to the Mission many times before,

and he knew that, in any case, he would be kindly treated there. He was in such desperate need that the kindly janitor could not turn him away, so he was allowed, for a few days, to stay in one of the rooms on the lower floor. He was such a pitiable-looking object that he did not dare to go out on the streets, and kept, as much as possible, out of view of the workers and congregation of the Mission.

But one night there came a speaker with a loud and sonorous voice. It not only rang in the lofty arched roof of the Mission itself, but away behind in the rafters of the kitchen, and even down into the depths of the cellar, stores and corridors. The poor, battered sailor heard it. He had been trying to console himself by a surreptitious smoke, when this voice first penetrated his hiding-place. Listening intently, he imagined he could even catch some of the words. His curiosity was aroused, and forgetting for the moment that he still held his pipe in his mouth, he mounted the stairway into the kitchen and quietly opened the door that led into the hall by the side of the organ. The audience was in full view, so, quickly remembering his bandages and his bruises, he quickly closed the door again. But still that voice rang out, and now some of the words and even sentences of the speaker could be distinctly heard. The Irishman was filled with a desire to hear more, and, above all, to see the face of the man who had so strangely moved him.

A new idea flashed itself upon him. Going out to the back, with his pipe still unconsciously held between his teeth, he climbed the ladder that led to the kitchen roof. Then he found there was another long ladder to scale before he could reach the dome of the building, from the open window of which he hoped to see and hear this wonderful man. He only had one sound arm, and it was a long climb; but he was a sailor, and there was no time to lose. So, up he went, and soon found himself at the open window, exultingly looking down upon the listening crowd, and the earnest man whose trumpet tones had stirred his heart so deeply. It was one of New York City's most zealous ministers, and when this eager Irishman ultimately reached his strange auditory, and to his delight found he could hear just as comfortably as if he had been seated in the regular crowd beneath, the first words that rolled up through the arches and fell upon his wondering ears were: " God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap! " The words thrilled him with a strange and unearthly sensation. It was no longer the voice of a man; it seemed to him that it was the voice of God.

He listened, entranced. All the memories of his rebellious life seemed to come crowding in upon him. There was a battle royal upon the roof that night between the forces of darkness and of light, between the spirit of doubt, and the spirit of hope.

At last, as the speaking ceased, and one of the stirring hymns, sung with characteristic enthusiasm by that Bowery crowd, surged up through the open window, the listener fell upon his knees, placed his pipe upon the ledge, and, looking up at the stars, uttered one great, yearning, subdued cry for mercy and help. And the shimmering stars looked down upon the upturned face of that pleading man, and the shadowy clouds floated away from the face of the smiling moon, and the summer zephyrs came sweeping up gently from the great Atlantic, fanning his face and soothing the pain of his throbbing head. His whole being was suffused with a new and melting tenderness beyond words to express. And as he climbed down the ladders again, he remembered the words so often heard in the Mission below, that now fell upon his broken heart like a wonderful balm: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

VII

THE "DOCTOR"

THE name of the "Doctor" has become a familiar one in the wide circle of Bowery Mission sympathizers and friends. His is the story of a young life broken and marred by evil association and habit; of a father's gray hairs brought with sorrow to the grave; of a mother's deathless love and ceaseless prayers; of a "brand plucked from the burning"; of a five-years' life of strenuous struggle, glorious triumph, and abounding usefulness at the grand old Mission where he found Christ, or rather where Christ found him, when he was in utter despair.

During a long and varied experience in Christian work, I have never known a more tireless and conscientious worker than the "Doctor." Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might. He began to work for others the very night that he, a poor, tired, hungry, homeless wanderer, found the light himself. He kept it up with undiminished zeal for five years until flesh and blood failed him, and he had to be carried from his office to his home, and thence to the hospital,

where, for four months, he suffered excruciating agony.

Then, with the death shadows gathering on his face, borne along by the same indomitable will that had sustained him through the five years of Christian struggle and toil, he took the long journey across the seas, to the home of his boyhood, and died in his mother's arms in Dublin, Ireland. His life-story is one of intense interest and saving hopefulness for even the most hopeless.

The "Doctor" was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, and at the age of fifteen was apprenticed to a dispensing chemist. His home life was of the most helpful kind, his father, mother, brother, and sister, all being Christians of the most amiable type. Strange that, with such holy influences round about him as a safeguard, he should wander into the paths of sin! Evil companions led him away, and dangerous habits took hold of him; and when at last he left home to fill new positions in Limerick, Waterford, and Dublin, and especially in London, he found himself surrounded by those temptations which especially beset medical students. These soon obtained complete mastery over him. Drink, debauchery, and debt, were the three evils that dogged his footsteps and made him their slave.

Through all those years, though the burden was too great for the loving father, who went in sorrow to his grave, the mother and sister never ceased to

pray for the recovery of the prodigal, and a loving brother tried to help him by paying all his debts, at last providing him with passage to America, where they hoped he would begin life anew.

A new life it certainly was, but it did not open out as they imagined. There was still a dark Gethsemane-night to intervene before the dawning came. No sooner had he arrived in New York City than the old appetite asserted itself. He entered a saloon and called for a drink; strange men drew near and claimed his friendship, then, suddenly, there fell upon him absolute unconsciousness. When he came to himself, he had been robbed of everything of value that he possessed. His drink had been drugged by the low companions with whom he had fraternized in the saloon. They had taken his money, his watch, and his clothes, including also his letters of introduction, and they had flung him into a partly-erected building on one of the East Side streets.

His condition was pitiful. A stranger in a strange land, without the means of procuring food, not having a friend to whom he could turn, no roof to cover him, no bed to sleep in, no prospect of employment, half clad, penniless, yet not knowing even how to beg, ashamed to show himself in the respectable parts of the city; such was the experience through which he passed for six long weeks.

He used to tell us, in his testimonies at the Mission, with choking utterance, and with tears

streaming down his face, that when, in the dusk of twilight, he ventured into the residential parts of the city and saw the lights in comfortable dwellings, he thought of his own happy home, and of his tender-hearted mother, and was driven almost mad. Every day matters became worse. He grew weaker for want of food and proper rest. A bench in one of the parks was his nightly sleeping-place.

One night, which he thought, and hoped, would be his last on earth, he wandered aimlessly down the Bowery. It was the first time he had been in that locality. The doors of the brightly lighted Mission were standing wide open, and through them rolled the tones of the great organ, which, under the masterful and tender touch of Victor Benke, had lured many another prodigal into the Mission. The "Doctor" heard, and looking up, saw the white letters on the window, "Come in! Welcome!" Accepting the invitation, he entered.

A mother's prayers, how wonderful they are! In that far-away home they had never ceased to rise. And now the answer was about to come!

Tired as he was, he listened with keen earnestness to the testimonies of men who had been saved from an evil fate like his own. Hope sprang up within him! Tender remembrances of his mother and her prayers swept over him like a reviving breath of spring time. From his trembling lips there came an almost inaudible cry: "Lord, save me, or I perish." That prayer was answered, and

that night the "Doctor" slept as peacefully as an innocent child.

With the morning came a transformation. The sad, dejected look disappeared from his eyes, and in them shone a new and hopeful light. Next night, at the Mission, he gave abundant and outward evidence of the inward spiritual change that had taken place. The poor fellow sobbed and shook, but tears relieved him; and when he left the Mission, it was not only with a feeling of peace and contentment, but with a look of grim, dead-set determination to face the fight that he knew must follow.

And it was a bitter fight. For twelve months he struggled to get a foothold, even on the lowest rung of the social ladder. Although totally unused to manual work, he did not hesitate to accept any kind of decent employment. Scrubbing floors, washing dishes, delivering books, canvassing, and similar trying positions came in his way, and in every case he gave honest, faithful, sober service.

From the night of his conversion he was scarcely ever missing from the evening meetings. Rarely has the Bowery Mission had so tireless a worker. By and by he became a leader, then secretary to the Rescue League. In every capacity he displayed enthusiasm, but nowhere more than in the nightly after-meetings, leading poor, lost men to that Saviour who had so wonderfully rescued and transformed him.

He was ultimately appointed financial secretary of the Mission, a position which he filled with marked success. In the early part of 1906, however, it was evident to his immediate friends that his physical strength was giving way. He toiled on bravely, still absorbed in his work, until the month of February, when he was incapacitated by a severe attack of neuritis, and had to be taken to a hospital. Here he suffered agonies for several months, but rallying a little, he managed, in June, to cross the Atlantic, and was able once more to look into his mother's face as a "brand plucked from the burning."

It was a strange, weird, pathetic home-coming. It was little more than the shattered wreck of a man that was borne in his brother's strong arms from the boat to his home in Dublin, but there flamed out of those shrunken eyes the light of a deathless love. His yearning prayer was answered; "home" and "mother" were again blessed realities to him. He was laid in a comfortable bed, and it was his mother who watched over him with sleepless eyes for the few days he lingered. He felt her gentle touch again upon his brow as he had so often felt it when a child. Frequently he would feebly reach out his thin hand, take hold of hers, and say, as he looked lovingly at her, "My mother!" Almost his last conscious words were, "There's no one like mother!" and when he passed away, hers was the last face he looked upon.

His thoughts seemed to be all of the Mission and his mother. "He wandered a good deal in those last hours," his mother wrote to the Mission. "At one time he raised his hands as if addressing a meeting, and said, 'I cannot say any more, gentlemen.' He told me to say to the boys, 'Trust Jesus fully.'"

When he knew the end was very near, he asked that there should be placed upon his memorial card a verse of the hymn that was sung in the Bowery Mission, almost every time he led a meeting:

"Jesus redeemed and made me whole;
I can forget Him never.
Out of the deuths He brought my soul,
Now I am His forever!"

VIII

"CARRYING THE BANNER"

IN our ministry to homeless men who, night after night, congregate in such numbers in the Bowery Mission, we have often had our hearts harrowed by stories of suffering and privation. I felt a desire to know something more by personal observation of the facts of the case. On a certain evening, some years ago, I found an opportunity to spend the hours between eleven P. M. and four A. M. in Madison and Union Square Parks.

I do not claim that it entailed any suffering, or even inconvenience, upon myself, except, perhaps, the loss of a night's sleep, for the weather was by no means inclement, and the instruction, entertainment, and inspiration I received made it one of the most memorable episodes in my entire experience of Christian work.

Almost every seat in the Parks was occupied. What a motley crowd! Old and young, strong and weak; boys fresh from their homes in the country, to whom the experience of being without a bed was evidently something new; and old men, frowsy and ragged, who had not slept in a bed for months, perhaps for years. Here was a big, brawny longshore-

man, who had spent his wages in rum, but to whom, partly on account of his great physical strength, and partly because of his semi-drunken condition, it was no great hardship to spend a night in the park. Here, on the other hand, was one whose hacking cough, and hollow eyes, shining with a strange brilliance in the glare of the electric light, denoted that a cot in Bellevue Hospital would have been a more fitting resting-place for him than an inhospitable park-bench. I went from bench to bench, but did not waken any of the sleeping men. Poor fellows! What an impertinent intrusion that would have been! But whenever I found a man awake, I sat down beside him and talked. The "benchers" had no idea who I was, so in that respect I caught them off-guard. They talked with perfect freedom about their troubles, and I was able to bring them, in a natural manner, around to the subject of their spiritual needs.

And this is what I found. First: many of these men were, in regard to God and eternal things, in worse than heathen darkness. They were absolutely without hope. Not a single star shone out in the black sky! Yes, perhaps they had once known something of the truth, but waywardness on their part, and a heartless indifference to their needs on the part of their more fortunate fellow creatures, long since quenched the flickering flame. The sacred name of God had now no meaning for them. Anything bearing the name of religion, or

the church, they hated with a ferocious hatred. Aims and ambitions they had none. Only the necessities of their physical nature, the maddening gnaw of hunger, or the burning flame of a feverish thirst, urged them to effort sufficient to keep body and soul together. And so they waited for the end to come—the sad, sorrowful end of death and the Potter's Field. Absence of physical courage alone kept them out of a suicide's grave.

Many of these men had never seen the inside of a church, mission, or other religious meeting-place. How necessary, then, for aggressive Christian workers such as the Bowery Mission possessed, to remember the injunction, " Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in! "

Again: I found that many of the most deserving cases of human need never made any claim for help. Will it be believed that some of these homeless ones actually rebelled against my desire to furnish them with a bed for the night, on the ground that they did not care to accept " charity "? Real need is often rigidly modest. When philanthropy is dealt out wholesale, a vast proportion goes to waste. If our generous impulses are to reach the maximum of efficiency, we must do what the Master did so often—*get at the individual!*

I concluded my conversation, in almost every case, with arrangements for shelter for the night, car-fare down to a lodging-house, the wherewithal for a substantial breakfast in the morning, and

finally, with an invitation to the Bowery Mission. I noticed that some of them saved the car-fare nickel by starting off to walk. They may have had plans of their own with regard to other items in my friendly scheme; but I was glad, at all events, to find that many were true to their promise to come to the Mission.

My work was done. The night was nearly over. I was very tired and sleepy. It was beginning to rain—a light, drizzly, oozy rain. I sat down in Union Square Park, to wait for the car which would take me to my ferry for home. My right-hand neighbor was an old man, a German, pleasant-faced and cheery-voiced, but, with the unmistakable aspect of a tramp! He held in his lap a bundle carefully, even daintily, wrapped up. I wondered what it contained? Probably relics of by-gone days, possibly all his earthly belongings. I had barely commenced a conversation with him when I suppose I must have fallen asleep. I was awakened by a very vigorous elbow nudge, imparted by the old man. One glance sufficed to show his kindly purpose. Two young fellows stood by me, in such close proximity as to leave no doubt in my mind—and evidently none in the mind of old Hans—that they had taken me for some one sleeping off the effects of a debauch. Having caught a glimpse of my watch chain, they concluded that it would be a simple matter to relieve me of my watch and any other little personal effects, while ostensibly shel-

tering from the rain under the same tree as myself. That this view of the situation was the correct one was, I think, conclusively proved by the two young scamps taking to their heels immediately after my eyes opened.

The following evening, while going through our Bowery Mission crowd, to my great delight I came across my German friend, with his precious bundle tightly clasped under his arm. He often came after that, but never without his bundle. He always took a rear seat. He was one of those who never accept without a protest. He was too old to work and too proud to beg; and he rebelled furiously against ending his days in the almshouse. Poor old Hans! With your kindly heart, and cheery voice, who shall say that you are not bravely fighting the good fight of faith? Fight on!

"Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be passed;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last!"

IX

THE DESPERADO

HE certainly does not appear to be much of a desperado now. He is one of the quietest and gentlest of all the men who attend the Bowery Mission, for, however much it may surprise you, our congregation of homeless and ragged men contains a surprisingly large proportion of men of courtly manner and polished speech. This man never attends a meeting without giving his testimony. It is generally only a few words, nervously and stammeringly uttered, in a soft voice; then he steps into the background again. For the rest of the meeting you will find him in some quiet corner, eagerly listening to other men, only the keen glance of his dark eyes revealing how he loves God, his comrades and the old Mission!

Yet, among the many trophies of divine grace that have been won for Christ and the Kingdom at the Bowery Mission, very few have such a tragic history behind them. He must, in his earlier days, have been a man of unusual physical vitality, for although he had a tempestuous career and is now well over fifty, he does not appear to be more than forty. Of middle height and wiry build, with a

well-shaped head, just turning gray, and a pair of piercing hazel eyes, he would still be vigorous and even sprightly, were it not for a lameness caused by some of his toes having been shot off in one of the Indian wars in which he served under General Miles. One would never imagine that forty out of his fifty-five years had been spent in debauchery and sin. The only break in this long career of dissipation was a term of four and a half years spent in State prison, and the preliminary term of four months in the old Tombs prison while awaiting trial.

His parents were respectable people, and his family connections move in wealthy and aristocratic circles. He is the nephew of one of the most prominent and influential of United States Senators. His two sisters are the wives of prosperous business men, one of them a New York City millionaire. This man's wife is a devout Christian lady, who for many years prayed with an unshaken faith for the conversion of her erring brother.

On one sad Thanksgiving Day, presuming on the prevailing charitable spirit of the season, he, somehow or other, stealthily gained admission to his sister's residence, and at the sight of the poor, ragged, shivering tramp that stood before her, pleading for something to satisfy the gnawings of the terrible hunger that was upon him, her sisterly love melted all her stern resolves, and on getting a promise from him (alas! promises so often given

before, and so often broken!) she weepingly handed over to him fifty dollars with which to furnish him with clothing. When, in the evening of that day, he reeled into the saloon bar, which at the time was his headquarters, only thirteen cents of the fifty dollars remained, and he still wore his tramp's tattered rags!

When his father died, he inherited what to many men would have been a fortune. In a few short months not a penny remained—and not a penny had been righteously spent. Everything he flung wantonly away in riotous debauchery and vice.

At the age of twenty-two, he enlisted in the Fifth New York Troopers, and for five years was out at Fort Scott, Arizona, and Fort Wichita, Colorado, seeing some very active and exciting service in the Indian wars of that time. He had scarcely returned to New York City, after getting his discharge, when, in a low saloon, a dispute occurred in which he became involved. Whipping out his revolver from his hip-pocket, he shot and immediately killed one of the brawlers. Then there came the trial, the sentence, and the long term behind the gray walls of State prison. During his stay there, his old, grief-stricken mother kept up constant communication with him, and on the day of his release, waited for him at the Grand Central Station. After meeting and greeting her, on some pretext he slipped away, and within one hour from the time he left her he was arrested again for drunken

brawling, only three blocks away in Thirty-ninth Street, and sent to Blackwell's Island. Was it any wonder that soon after the poor mother died of a broken heart?

Father and mother dead, and every door closed against him, he drifted, as so many thousands drift every year, to the Bowery. All the pride and ambition had gone out of his life. He did not want to work—would not work when he had the chance. For nearly eleven years he haunted the lowest and vilest resorts, living the aimless life of a Bowery tramp. During that time he paid frequent visits to the Bowery Mission, but not even the most sanguine worker there entertained much hope for him. And as the years went by, and the dull look on his weary face became duller, and that strange pall of gloom settled down upon him which is so characteristic of the chronic tramp, the hope became less.

Who shall dare to say that any man is hopeless after this? One night, the kindly janitor, going his rounds from bench to bench, noticed the thin, worn face and haggard eyes, and spoke a cheery word to him. That kind word was the first star that appeared in the black sky above him. As he gazed up at it wonderingly, he caught sight of another. This time it was the sweet face of a woman mission worker, who only smiled at him. She said nothing. But having seen these two stars, he kept looking out for others, and had not long to wait. Out they came, one by one, in all their glittering beauty.

He began to listen to the testimonies. Something that one of the men said one night was not unlike his own experience. It came from the lips of a young boy who, with radiant face, was telling how his mother prayed for him when " he was afar off," and there flashed before the listener the picture of that dear old face looking so wistfully into his own in the Grand Central Station, and to his own great surprise he found himself brushing the tears from his eyes.

Then still other stars of hope shone out. Passages of Scripture read from the platform seemed suddenly to glow before him with a strange and vivid meaning; the old hymns that had become so hackneyed in his ears that he had found no pleasure in singing them, startled him now with their beauty and force. He realized it was all true, and was meant for him. One night, to the great surprise and delight of all the older workers of the Mission, he gave his poor battered and beaten heart to God.

The first anniversary of his conversion was a time of great rejoicing. The first twelve months in the spiritual life of a Bowery Mission convert is always a critical time. Oh, how eagerly it is watched! After the first milestone is passed, the road seems easier. The frail bark pushed off into the breakers that dash against the coast line and show their white teeth, has to be ceaselessly guided and safeguarded. And when the comparatively

deep and calm water is reached, can you wonder at the relief and rejoicing which follow it?

But one by one the milestones were passed, and the "desperado's" pathway shone with a fuller, richer light. The pinnacles of the Eternal City are coming into view. His course will soon be over. He has "fought the good fight." He has "kept the faith."

X

THE PRODIGAL FATHER

HARRY M. was a "waster." There was not a doubt about it. His hang-dog look, his slouchy, shuffling gait, his misfit, threadbare clothes, all betokened the confirmed and helpless tramp.

And yet there were in him, as there are in nearly every man of his class when you can get down through the grim externals and find them, wonderfully redeeming features.

He could never beg. That, to him, was something unspeakably low and horrible. So a feeling of pride, born of his better days, often caused him to almost die of hunger rather than ask for aid. Then he would steal into one of the city missions and sit, with a set, white face, until kindly Christian workers, through persistent questioning, discovered the fact that he was on the verge of starvation, and succored him.

Another star that shone undimmed through the black darkness which had overtaken this wanderer, was his love for two baby girls he had left behind him, in an up-State city, ten long years ago. As the years passed by, instead of diminishing, this

love for his children seemed to increase. Often, as he crept into some lumber pile or empty truck for his night's rest, or dreamily dozed on a park bench, or when, more fortunate, he enjoyed the luxury of a lodging-house bed, he would murmur the words, "My children, my children," before falling into that deep sleep that only tramps and innocent children secure.

And often when some light-hearted child of apparently the same age as one of his own would pass him on the street, he would turn and look, and sometimes follow, with the same words trembling on his lipe—"My children!"

But neither his pride, nor his love for his children were sufficient to lift him from the depths into which he had fallen. It had not been a sudden fall, but a ten-years' gradual gravitation, gaining increased momentum every year, until now it seemed as though he could neither fall nor slide much lower.

In the happy days of his young manhood, his prospects had been unusually bright. He was intelligent and businesslike beyond most men. He was cheerful and genial in disposition. He occupied a lucrative position in one of the largest commercial houses in his native city. He was happily married to a congenial wife. Then the serpent found an entry into the domestic Eden!

Just about the time the second baby girl came to the home, the father became a frequenter of the

hotel café. The habit grew upon him with frightful rapidity, and it knew no respite. In a few months, he became utterly incapacitated for business, and lost his position.

Thinking a change of scene might help him, he came to New York City. Here he readily found an opening, for he was still young and active, and his unusual business ability was quickly discerned. But the old enemy dogged his footsteps. The temptations of the city were too strong for him. Again and again he went down. One employer after another tried him, appreciated him, then doubted, and finally discarded him.

When he entered the Bowery Mission on one never-to-be-forgotten night, there was, as we have said, no doubt about it, he was a typical " waster." He sat through the meeting white-faced and despairing. Not a glimmering of hope was there in his deep-set eyes. It was long since he had heard from home. His friends knew nothing of his whereabouts. Even his long-suffering wife had given him up. His well-to-do relatives had come almost to hope that he were dead. He knew all this. He felt himself forsaken and alone in the world!

Many a time he had attended mission meetings, but merely that he might get his tired body rested. The hymns, the testimonies, the addresses had no meaning for him. He had sunk into that apathy which is the characteristic of the " rounder " and the " dead-beat."

Suddenly, however, he found himself listening to some one—he never knew who it was—telling a simple story of a child's love, a child who had loved a drunken father, when everyone else condemned and hated.

He could scarcely believe it, but found that tears were silently coming from his eyes; eyes that had never shed a tear since childhood. When the simple story finished with the declaration that the child's love had saved the father, he found his soul all aglow with a new hope. Was it possible that he, too, might, through God's grace, see his children again?

His mind was made up. He came forward for prayers in the after-meeting, surrendered himself to God and prayed for forgiveness. As he looks back upon it now, how wonderfully easy it all seems to have been, as soon as God took a hand in it!

No one doubted his sincerity as he started out that night to do the right. It was a struggle for the first twelve months; but never once did he yield to the tempter. After a long, disheartening experience in seeking employment, he at last obtained a position in one of the large drygoods establishments. With his new sober and regular life, his old business faculties quickly returned, and he ultimately became one of the most trusted and valued employees of the house.

Then, with twelve months of consistent Christian

life behind him, he set out with great trepidation to seek his lost ones. He feared he would find all doors closed against him. Years ago his relatives had uttered this decree. It was ten years since he had seen his wife and babies. What had become of them he did not know, but he felt it was now his duty to set out to seek them.

It was a memorable morning, that on which he knelt with the Superintendent in prayer, and then started out on his mission. Next day he returned with a beaming face, and eyes that dropped tears of joy. He had found them! They were all alive! They were happy to have him back!

With revived courage, he went on with his work, and every night was to be found at the Bowery Mission doing effective service. One day he received a letter from his eldest child, a girl of twelve, and he felt he must read it to the meeting. When he came to one sentence his voice became tremulous; something like a sob escaped him and he sat down, overcome. I took the letter from his hands and read the words that had unmanned him.

What wonder he had broken down! It was ten long years since he had spent a Thanksgiving Day at home; and he shuddered to think of the experiences he had passed through in those wasted years. On how many Thanksgivings had he wandered up and down the streets a homeless tramp! The words of his child were, " Be sure and come home for Thanksgiving."

And he did.

While the Mission celebrated Thanksgiving Day in its usual festive way, he was home with his dear ones for the first time in a decade. He was not forgotten that day by his Mission brethren. I wrote the following lines. Victor Benke, the organist, put them to a beautiful melody, and my wife sang the song to the men of the Mission.

"Be sure you come home for Thanksgiving,
You've been such a long time away;
We've felt all so lonely without you,
And we've watched for you night and day.
Dear father, the sad tears are falling,
From mother's sweet pitiful eyes,
But her smile will come back when she sees you,
Like sunrays that brighten the skies.

"Be sure you come home for Thanksgiving,
We yearn for the sight of your face;
We long to be clasped to your bosom,
In a loving and tender embrace.
Dear father, the shadows will vanish,
The clouds pass forever away,
When you're home to partake and to heighten,
The joys of Thanksgiving Day.

"Be sure you come home for Thanksgiving,
We'll count every moment till then;
For we'll be the merriest of children,
And you'll be the happiest of men.
We'll make it a real Thanksgiving,
Our praise like sweet music shall swell,
To Him who has brought back the wanderer,
To the Father who does all things well."

The "prodigal father" is today a thoroughly re-established man. He occasionally visits the city on business trips, and looks in on the place where, in his extremity, he came to the determination: "I will arise and go to my children."

XI

"TO THE UTTERMOST!"

ON October 2nd, 1902, a trampish-looking individual, with whose sad face and dilapidated figure I was very familiar, came forward and, kneeling at our platform altar, surrendered himself to God, and ever afterwards, in the face of many difficulties, lived a consistently good and true Christian life.

Yes, he was a veritable tramp! That is the word that best described his appearance. But only a few words of conversation revealed the fact that he was an educated, indeed a cultured man.

We knew him best as an "epileptic." Dozens of times he had succumbed to this malady during the course of our meetings, and had been carried out into the open air and then taken to the hospital for treatment. Finally the authorities declared him an "incurable," and he was taken to the State Home for Epileptics at Sonyea, N. Y., where, after having become stone blind, he remained until his death, in 1923.

Possibly no man I have ever known suffered such poignant physical pain as this man. I certainly have never known of such heroic fortitude

as he displayed during all those dark years of blindness and epilepsy in the Sonyea home. Chaplain Jeffries and I were the only two friends he had.

One day I asked him to tell me his life's story. He gladly did so, and as it is an exceedingly romantic one, and full of inspirational interest, I relate it as nearly as I can in his own words:

"I was born on the fifth of October, at Dantzig, Province of West Prussia, Germany. My parents were pious and, being in excellent circumstances, lived in good style. Every Sunday morning my father held a short religious house service in which the members of the family, such guests as might be visiting us, and the servants participated.

"My father's firm played quite an important rôle in the German business world from 1846 to 1864. My father owned two important baronial estates and four sailing vessels, and exported, besides his own grain, the produce of the estates of several other large landowners.

"In 1865, my parents removed from Dantzig to Berlin. It was my father's desire that his children should play an important part in society, and for this purpose he kept us liberally supplied with money. All too soon I found myself in the midst of the whirlpool of life.

"In 1867, the year of the great International Exposition, I visited Paris for a short time. In 1869, I entered upon my first position as an apprentice to the Royal Counsellor of Commerce, a

business friend of my father, and remained with him until 1873, when I was transferred to his London office. In the course of two years I was promoted to be manager of that office.

" In 1876, the Fire Insurance Company launched out for business into Russia, establishing an agency in Moscow, and I was selected to take charge of that office. In 1877, my grandfather, having died and left me a legacy, I was called to Germany to take part in the settlement of his estate. In Russia I had made many friends, and because of this I returned to that country, and with the money I had inherited, I established a business of my own in St. Petersburg, in company with a well-informed partner. Our business prospered until 1881, when the Czar was assassinated. Our factory was destroyed, being set on fire and burned to the ground.

" Returning to my native country, I made a number of attempts to establish myself again, but without success. Finally I entered into my father's employ, and my knowledge of Russia and the Russian tongue was of great value. My father undertook the negotiation of a number of important loans. One of these, for Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the reigning prince of Bulgaria, amounting to 20,000,000 francs, because of Russian intrigues and conspiracies, collapsed; but another, for 9,000,000 marks, for Prince Peter Sain Wittgenstein, a relative of the Russian imperial house, was carried through successfully.

"As agent for the various bankers interested in these loans, I once more visited Russia, my negotiations carrying me into Bulgaria and Turkey. In 1885, my father with other financiers founded, in Hamburg, a packet transport company and I was appointed vice-president of the concern. I was on the high road to prosperity. In 1886, I made the acquaintance of a young lady, who, though of good family, was to be my ruin. Our engagement had been announced, and we were the envied of all, when she deceived me and thus became the indirect cause of my coming to America.

"At this time I was an officer in the German army. Every able-bodied German subject, when he arrives at the age of conscription, is required to give three of the best years of his life to active military service. I had passed into the second half of my service and held the rank of a subaltern officer. As such I was privileged to visit the officers' casinos, or clubs. Upon the occasion of one of these visits, I noticed a group of officers of rank deeply in their cups. One of their number in particular was boasting and mentioned the name of the lady to whom I was engaged. He calumniated her and spoke of her in derision. Incensed at the insult, I walked up to him, dashed a beaker of wine in his face, calling him at the time such epithets as the case deserved. He was a captain in the Imperial Regiment of Guards and an adjutant of the Emperor. I had desecrated the imperial uniform.

The only satisfaction for this was a duel. The matter was speedily arranged on the spot. My antagonist—a baron and member of one of the most aristocratic families of the Empire—had the good fortune to draw the first fire and, in delivering it, wounded me slightly in the left temple. I also aimed at my antagonist's temple, but, instead of simply wounding him as I intended, my bullet penetrated the brain and he was mortally injured. The Emperor learned of the affair and was so incensed that I was arbitrarily sentenced to five years' imprisonment in a military fortress.

"My older brother, a first lieutenant in the army, heard of the orders before they were promulgated, and he hurriedly communicated the news to me. I lost no time in making my escape. I made my way, disguised, to Hamburg, and ultimately landed in the United States.

"A very reckless life I led after leaving the parental roof in Germany. Such a thought as seeking the care and the comfort and the aid of God never entered my mind. Truth to say, religion was to me but a jest. Home, position, the woman I loved, were all lost, and these thoughts, added to the knowledge that I had taken the life of one of my fellow-men (the baron died of his wound a month after the duel), pursued me incessantly, robbed me of all peace of mind and made life a burden. To forget, I sought oblivion in drink. I continued in this course until 1888, when

I was taken down with typhoid fever. After my recovery from the fever I became a victim of epilepsy. My mother had been afflicted with this malady from childhood. The doctors, after a time, concluded that I was suffering from epilepsy in an incurable form.

"My malady may indeed be beyond the reach of the physicians of this world, but of one thing I am assured, that to the Great Physician nothing is impossible, and in Him I put my trust and my faith. He is my comfort and my hope!

"I visited the Bowery Mission for the first time as the result of an acquaintance with Victor Benke, the former organist, now dead. He was the indirect cause of my own conversion, which occurred on October 2nd, 1902, and I will say that I shall never cease to be grateful to him and to his memory.

"The Bowery Mission became an inexpressible blessing to me. There I not only found my beloved Master and Saviour, but many other blessings were showered upon me within its walls and through its kindly ministrations and good offices."

XII

"THE SHEEP WHICH WAS LOST"

A GODLY couple in Scotland had a large family of sons and daughters. Every means was employed, and every possible sacrifice was made that these children might obtain a good education. When the father died, the widowed mother had the satisfaction of knowing that, at any rate, that one supreme ambition of the breadwinner's heart had been attained. One son was established in a good practice as a surgeon, another was an LL.D., and all the others were well equipped for the battle of life. Above everything else, they were all earnest and active Christians—except one, the "black sheep!"

It seemed strange that there should be this exception, but so it was. Early in life this one son took to drinking, and notwithstanding the restraints and wholesome influences of this pious family circle, he soon became a confirmed drunkard. Stranger still, after marrying a godly young woman, and becoming the father of two fine children, he became even more reckless and dissipated. He went from bad to worse, lost one situation after

A TYPICAL BOWERY MISSION AUDIENCE

another, and ten years ago came to America, in the hope of ridding himself of old, pernicious associations, and thus redeeming himself. His wife and little ones joined him here.

It was not difficult for him at first to obtain situations, for he was exceedingly clever in his business, which was that of a landscape gardener. But one position after another was lost through drink! His home life was a series of misfortunes. Five times in succession he sold his furniture in order to gratify his craving for drink. His wife was broken-hearted. His children were afraid of him. He had become a veritable whiskey fiend. Often, in a drunken frenzy, he would overturn the supper table, and smash the dishes that his patient wife had so neatly spread for him. It seemed as though drink had permanently shattered his intellect, as well as destroying all sense of decency and manliness.

Away in Scotland, however, the widowed mother had been unceasing in her prayers for the seemingly hopeless wanderer.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander were holding one of their great revival meetings in the old Scotch city. Mr. Alexander had distributed a leaflet from Mr. Hadley's book, *Down in Water Street,* entitled *"The Love Story,"* and a copy fell into the old mother's hands. It was the tale of a drunkard reclaimed. A new hope sprang up in the mother's heart and gave a fresh inspiration to her prayers.

Formerly, while making her daily petitions for her sons and daughters, when she came to the "black sheep," all she could say was, "Aleck! Aleck!" and then find her prayer choked with a sob. But now, new and mighty prayers came from the depths of the aged mother's soul. And they were answered, although not in a way she had expected.

It was to the Bowery Mission that the drunkard's steps were now directed. His wife and little ones were away from him. He was wandering down the Bowery, when the bulletin at the Mission door attracted him and he entered. The place was packed to the door, but he was taken by an usher and led to a place near the platform.

The first hymn to which he listened was one the music of which had been written by the organist, Victor Benke, and which is always sung with tremendous power by Bowery men. The words were:

"Jesus redeemed, and made me whole,
I can forget Him never;
Out of the depths He brought my soul,
Now I am His forever!"

For the first time in many years the drunkard's eyes were opened. He saw himself as he really was. "I cried to God," as he said himself, in his own expressive way, "with a loud voice." God heard him. His mother's prayers were answered. A transformation took place in his life, which only

those who were very near to him at that time and knew his sad history could understand.

For a time it seemed impossible for him to obtain employment. His character was completely gone. None of his former employers would have anything to say to him. It was a severe trial of his courage, but he stood the test bravely and unflinchingly.

On the occasion of the first anniversary of his conversion, he related the following incident:

"I went out into the country, determined to find work. I did not succeed, and for three days and three nights had not a bite to eat. On the third night, lying on the ground, I caught sight of the stars above my head. When I came to think of Christ and Gethsemane, I was thrilled through and through to think of my kinship to Him in suffering. Hungry and worn out as I was, I cried out, 'Lord, I am thine, take me as I am.' I knew then that God had something for me to do. Next morning I was attracted to a farmhouse. There a good old lady gave me a little work to do—the pruning of her grape-vine. When supper-time came she called me in, and while taking supper I became conscious that she was watching me very narrowly. Suddenly, she said, 'Are you a Christian man?' 'Yes,' I replied. 'Then how does it happen that you are not in a better position?'

"I then told her the story of my life. With tears in her eyes, she told me that she, too, had a wandering boy somewhere. Ten years ago he had left

home, and she had never seen him since. We knelt together, the mother and I, and we prayed for him. Before I left I sat down at the little organ in her parlor, and sang to her the same Benke song that had touched my own heart eight months before:

Jesus redeemed, and made me whole.

"Then I knew why God had brought me there. It was to comfort a sorrowing mother's heart, and to give strength to a mother's prayers."

XIII

THE CASE OF JOHN GOODE

IN this chapter I am about to introduce you to one of the most interesting men I have ever known, and I think it is best that you should make his acquaintance at the crisis of his history, when he is " face to face with the Red Sea." It is a crisis indeed. Humanly speaking, there is no way of escape. The end seems very near.

But, although at a most unlikely spot, and under conditions that seem to utterly forbid such a happening, you meet him just as the waters begin to part. He is totally unconscious of it. Indeed he is conscious of nothing but extreme physical weariness, of a discordant jangling of frayed and fettered nerves, and a feeling that, probably the end of a perfectly useless and evil life is quickly approaching. His condition is pitifully abject.

He is a man who, judged by human standards, customs, and laws, is as vile, worthless, and dangerous a type as has ever lived. It is not easy to apportion the blame for the production of such a character. The only thing that is positively certain, to those who know his history, is that the man

himself is not altogether blamable. But, whatever the cause, the fact is that from the time he was a boy of five years of age, in a mining camp in the Colorado mountains, when he committed his first theft, up to the time you now see him lying on the beach at Coney Island trying to fight off the effects of a protracted debauch, there is not a single act of goodness, decency, or honesty on record to his credit. The background of the story I have to tell you, therefore, is ink-black. It is impossible to exaggerate its forbidding gloom.

At five a thief, at ten an " incorrigible," at eleven a runaway from home and in jail, at twelve in his first Reformatory, and thenceforward until manhood passing from one Reformatory to another. Under such training as he received in these places, becoming in his early manhood an expert thief, pickpocket, and, later on, a house-robber, safe-blower, gambler, drunkard, low-down politician, finally rounding up in Sing Sing prison.

Justice Rufus B. Cowing, in passing sentence of six years' hard labor on this man, said, " John Goode, your name had better have been John Bad. . . . You *are* bad; I wish I might have given you a longer sentence. You deserve it."

Such, roughly speaking, is the record of the man lying amongst the driftwood on the sands of Coney Island, one Monday morning succeeding

Mardi Gras Week. He is in the company of another man whose acquaintance he has made during the summer, who is known as "Red." They had both been employed during Mardi Gras Week, "Red" as a "spieler" for a photograph gallery on Surf Avenue, and John as a dishwasher in the English Kitchen on the Brighton Pike. They had also secured evening engagements in the parade, "Red" as a Roman soldier, wearing a glistening brass helmet, and John, clad in a glaring red robe over his own shabby habiliments, as one of the six leaders of horses that hauled the flamboyant float called "The Champagne Glass."

Saturday night had seen the end of the Mardi Gras riot of fun-making and folly. The blowing of horns, the thrusting of "ticklers" into passing faces, the showering of confetti into the air and on the persons of the willingly victimized multitudes, the shoutings and the laughter had ceased. John and "Red" had received their wages, had quickly spent them in whiskey, and had passed the last twenty-four hours in vain endeavors to clear their brains and steady their nerves by sleeping on the beach. They were penniless. They must leave the Island at any rate for another year. But how? "Red" was hungry, and resourceful. Leaving John for a short while, he returned with a bottle of milk and a bag of rolls which he had stolen from a sleepy householder's back stoop. John could not eat. His whole being cried out for

liquor. His nerves, and blood, and tissues clamorously demanded more whiskey.

"Red" assured him that once on the Bowery there would be no lack of booze. But they possessed no car fare, and walking was impossible. John undertook the task of securing free transportation.

The pair walked to the surface car terminal and boldly boarded a car for New York. When the conductor came for the fares John undertook to negotiate. John was a giant in stature and strength, already rendered half-mad by irritated and inflamed nerves, and thoroughly desperate. So in response to the conductor's demand for the fares he replied, "Damn you, I paid the fares." The young, sickly-looking, light-weight conductor ventured the regular declaration, "that if they did not pay they would be put off." John retorted with one of his blood-curdling oaths and the statement that "they were going to ride to New York unless he thought fit to call out the State militia." The conductor then consulted with the motorman, who, glancing at the two wild-eyed pirates, shook his head, and put on speed, whilst the conductor rang up his two nickels, and left them in peace.

Arrived at the Bridge terminal at New York, they started up Park Row and on to the Bowery, in a feverish quest for whiskey. At Chatham Square "Red" accosted an acquaintance, who took him into Nick Salamone's bar and bought him

what in Bowery terminology is called a " five cent shock," but he would have nothing to do with " Red's " ferocious looking companion, so John was left ruminating on the sidewalk. When " Red " returned the two whiskey-explorers resumed their march northward on the Bowery. They came to a building which bore a sign on one side of the entrance, " Bread Line at one A. M.," and on the other, " Bowery Mission."

A thought flashed itself through " Red's " resourceful brain. Turning to John he said, " You say if you can get a letter to that ' jane ' of yours she'll send you some money. Well, here's where you can write your letter."

" Where? " " How? " eagerly asked John.

" Follow me! " said " Red." He led the way into Rivington Street, then into an alley by the Mills Hotel. Half a block through the alley they came to the back door of the Mission building. Here they found several men being addressed by a pleasant-looking Irishman, who, with hearty voice and smiling face, was saying, " If any of you guys want a job, go up them stairs; you'll get one." " Red " and John did not by any means want a job, but they went upstairs.

Here they found the Bowery Mission Free Labor Bureau, which for many years had been engaged in the task of providing employment for unemployed men.

The man in charge was an unfrocked priest.

He had sinned against his Church. His was an unpardonable sin, and he was cast outside the pale. But he was as kind a man as ever lived, and for many years did splendid service amongst the workless and suffering men. He was at the time dealing with two men through a little window opening cut in the partition. He was trying to persuade them to take a job of making beds in a lodging house.

"Take it," he said, "until you can get something better." After repeating this advice several times, he came out of his office, laid his hands on their shoulders, and appealed to them in such tender and direct terms, that they yielded, accepted their identification cards, and with serious faces left the room.

"Red" was ready for him. "Brother," he said loftily, "me friend here wants to write a very important letter to J. Pierpont Morgan. Can you provide him with materials, and make it a special delivery letter? It is urgent." The ex-priest smiled, handed John pen, ink, and paper, and, with a twinkle in his eye, asked, "Is it some panhandling scheme you have under way?"

Over the table where John sat down to write was a sign which read, "When did you last write home?" He felt almost virtuous as he reflected that, although his was a letter asking for money, he *was* writing to his wife.

Having finished his letter he found "Red" in

conversation with a little white-haired man and indignantly spurning the idea of work.

"Me take a job! Well, I guess not," he said in disgust. Then turning to John, he said, "What you think, bo? They want us to go to work."

The idea of work was just as obnoxious to John as to "Red," so they both moved to the door. But the little man was too quick for them. He barred their way, and re-urged his plea.

"You fellows ought to take this work," he said. "It is a good place, and you will get paid tonight. There is a chance of half a day."

"What is that about pay tonight?" asked Goode. "Are you sure of that?"

"Certainly. This firm always pays its extra help every night."

Money at last! The two men looked at each other for a moment. Then "Red" exclaimed, "Steve Brodie took a chance. Let's try it."

They were given identification cards and directed to a piano factory at Seventh Avenue and Seventeenth Street.

On their way "Red" demonstrated his proficiency in "touching" the free lunch counters in three saloons for plates of soup, and in one he even succeeded in working the bartender for a glass of beer. John's stomach still revolted at the thought of food.

On arriving at the piano factory they were immediately put to work, and work of the most trying

and onerous kind. John Goode will bear watching at this particular juncture. Many times he had had opportunities of work, but he had hitherto treated them with scorn and derision. Many years previously he had come to a perfectly positive conviction that it was not necessary to work. While in prisons it was, of course, part of the galling humiliation of his temporary loss of freedom that he should be obliged to toil. But once a free man again, well, he was free to choose, and his choice was a workless life. John Goode had been able to live without working.

But on this particular day he not only declared himself ready to work, but undertook it without a murmur. He was sent down into one of the drying kilns, where coils of steam pipes covered the walls, where the temperature was considerably above blood heat, and told to pass the dried timbers to a man above him. This man in turn passed them to a third, when they were loaded on a truck and taken to the framing room. In a few moments the perspiration began to ooze from John's liquor-soaked body, to stand in beads on his arms and face and to roll in streams from his huge frame. Then he became dizzy and collapsed upon the timbers in the kiln. The foreman was called, who administered a generous dose of whiskey. This gave John new life, and a second and larger dose worked wonders. His perspiring, also, had done him good, carrying off the venom and poison from

his blood. The afternoon quickly passed, and, when, at five o'clock, he climbed from the kiln he was much the better for his vigorous exercise.

It is worth while, too, to watch John Goode closely during the remaining hours of this day. Ordinarily, the moment he received his seventy-five cents he would have rushed to the nearest bar, and have speedily transferred it to the saloon keeper's till in exchange for drink. The two men certainly made their way quickly to a bar. But John was not anxious to drink. Unaccountably he had lost his relish for it. Complying with the prevailing custom of "treating" which prevailed, "Red" treated John, and, in return, John treated "Red" to a glass of whiskey—two glasses at five cents a glass, thus leaving him sixty-five cents in his pocket as he left the bar. An unheard-of thing! What was the cause of this phenomenon? There was something unseen, intangible, but powerfully affecting his will.

The two men wandered over to the Bowery. Here they parted, and "Red" disappears from the story.

John's appetite had at last returned, and he had eaten a hearty meal. He had also secured a bed for the night in one of the lodging houses, and we see him now strolling up the Bowery with some of his honestly-earned seventy-five cents still in his possession, and (amazing thought!) no desire for

whiskey. Rarely, if ever, had he experienced such a feeling of well-being. Looking up, he saw the Bowery Mission building, with the signs on either side that had attracted his attention in the morning.

He stopped for a few moments and reflected upon the kindness that had been shown him, and upon the fact that this was the only place in New York City where he could have written that letter to his wife. That letter! His wife! He remembered it all now. His maddening thirst, his appeal for money. Why, he did not need the money now! He had actually *earned* money, honestly earned it.

His thoughts were interrupted by his becoming conscious of a stream of men pouring in through the newly-opened mission gates. The same hearty Irishman who had shown him the way to the Labor Bureau in the morning was superintending affairs. He showed John to a seat. Soon every seat except a few in front was taken. John was filled with wonder at the beauty of the place; the yellow walls bearing Scripture texts in lettering of red and gold, the red tiles on the floor, the pipe organ over the platform with its pipes of glistening gilt, and everything spotlessly clean. It was mystifying to him to find such a place in the midst of the drab, sordid Bowery.

Suddenly there came from the rear and over the platform a line of seventy or eighty men who took their seats on the front benches.

"Who are these guys?" John asked of the man next him.

"The Brotherhood. They've just had a meeting upstairs."

The sound of the grand pipe-organ began to float over the crowd. The seats on the platform were now occupied by well-dressed and happy looking men. The leader of the meeting, a tall, muscular, sandy-haired man, who afterwards declared he was a longshoreman, but rejoiced in the exceedingly ecclesiastical name of "Church," called the meeting to order.

"Take your books, men, and we'll sing number two."

Immediately there arose another virile individual, deep-chested, and stentorian-voiced, who said, "Now, fellows, sing. Sing as if you meant it!"

"Number two" is "Never Give Up," and John came, in after years, to know it as the battle hymn of the Mission, but as he heard it for the first time, in the midst of things that were bewilderingly novel, and his mind prepossessed with the thought that everything religious was unreal, he could not help being impressed with the fact that, as these dejected and hopeless men sang it, there seemed to come into their eyes a faint glimmering of hope, like the first gentle touch of dawn upon the hills.

"Never give up, never give up,
Never give up to your sorrows,
Jesus will bid them depart."

Then there came prayer, and afterwards the leader gave an opportunity to those who wished to speak, to do so. Many on the platform and on the front seats responded. The leader himself, in a fifteen-minutes' speech, in picturesque but ungrammatical language, in a most pathetic and tender voice, made an earnest appeal to those present to "give their hearts to God." He described his own deliverance from the power of drink, and concluded by saying, "Some of the bunch I work with down on the shore tell me I am deluded. Well, if this is being deluded I always want to be deluded." John was bewildered. It was all so new and strange to him. He could never have believed there existed such a place on the Bowery. He did not know what to make of it.

As he walked down to his lodging-house, a full October moon overhead, the noise and rattle of the streets all around him, he could think of nothing else but Church's words, "If this is delusion I want to be deluded," and, as he sat on his cot taking off his shoes, for the first time in many years his mind went back to the time when a poor heart-broken mother, in a cabin on a Colorado mountain side, made her wicked little boy kneel at her side, and bury his face in her lap and say his prayers.

And when he lay down on his cot he did not readily go to sleep. He thought of his mother. His sad, sorrowful, quiet mother. As a boy he had

loved her, and he knew she had loved him. How lovingly and fervidly she had tried to shield him from his father's brutal thrashings! He recalled as well as he could these scenes of his earliest childhood when she read to him out of her precious Bible, the only Bible in the Camp. "She was a good woman, my mother, and—" he fell asleep.

You have now seen how John Goode made his connection with the Bowery Mission, an institution with which he has been associated for twelve years, and in which he still finds a fruitful field of consecrated toil. In order, however, that I may make good my claim that his conversion is one of the most wonderful in the history of the Christian Church I must let you know something of his past, so that you may understand the terrible depth of depravity from which he was uplifted.

John Goode's father was a fierce, brutal, law-breaking man, a Fenian, who had fled from Canada in the late sixties and had lived for a time in Massachusetts. When John was two years old the family migrated to Colorado and formed part of a silver camp called Caribou. There were several other children, and his mother ran a miners' boarding house. A boy with such a heritage, in such an environment had little chance of healthy or wholesome development. There was an utter absence of anything approaching discipline. He

speaks with great reverence of his mother, but with even greater compassion, " She was a meek, quiet, sorrowful woman," and the hardships she suffered, the burdens she bore, and the wrongs she endured have never been forgotten by her wayward boy.

All her good influence over him, however, was immediately and absolutely neutralized by the treatment he received at the hands of his father. That father was nearly always drunk, and, whether drunk or sober, was vicious, bitter, irritable, and outrageously cruel. Especially to this boy. From being a mere infant, John was accustomed to rough treatment from this inhuman monster. Cuffs, kicks, and curses, and the most unjust and unmerciful beatings were administered whenever he crossed his father's path.

Necessarily this affected the child's moral growth and character. At an amazingly early age he had learned to take care of himself, first, by keeping out of his father's way, and, secondly, by securing for himself the means for rendering life more bearable. *He became a thief at five years of age.* He robbed the till of the camp store. That put him into the possession of what all the world is seeking—pleasure. It came in the form of candy. No one knew he had stolen, so he stole again, and again, without realizing any moral guilt in the transactions. At ten he was a confirmed thief, and with no consciousness of any wrongdoing. His only idea of wrong was the being found

out. Then he knew a penalty would have to be paid.

This pagan darkness gathered around him, therefore, when a mere child, and it grew blacker and thicker as the years wore on, until when he became a full-grown man it seemed impossible of penetration.

In his eleventh year, after an unusually severe encounter with his father, he ran away from home. It took him four days and three nights to cover the sixty miles between Caribou and Denver, a journey to test the nerves and strength of the bravest boy. By day he often encountered Indians, and at night, while sleeping on the ground, he was often kept awake by the long howling of the wolves.

Now, think of it! A boy of eleven pushed out into a great untrodden territory without any preparation, or education, or moral consciousness. Carried along simply by the instinct of self-preservation, he must fight his way through life, sustained only by the jungle motive of self-defence. He must somehow get the best of his fellow-creatures. He must live by drawing his sustenance from others. He had brains, he must use them. He had two brawny fists, he must put them to service.

He had no definite plan before him, except the very vague idea of reaching an aunt in Massachusetts, so, turning his face to the east, and through the kindness of a crew of a railroad freight

train, he went from Denver to Kansas City. Here he formed the acquaintanceship of men and boys like himself, and quickly became proficient in stealing and picking pockets, and thus naturally and inevitably entered the "profession." He had no difficulty in making a living, for he was precocious, and older criminals were glad to use him, and when they did not, or were not just to him in the division of spoils, he was quite qualified to carry on independently.

His first arrest came in the city of St. Louis. His guilt was clear, but he was so young. The judge lectured him severely, then sentenced him "to leave St. Louis within twenty-four hours," which meant that he must go somewhere else to commit his crimes. He did.

We next find him in Illinois, then in Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, always able to live; begging, stealing, lying, scheming; taking advantage of the kindness of people who pitied the lonely homeless boy; but gradually finding his greatest thrills of enjoyment in daring and audacious criminal undertakings.

Finally he reached New York, and was arrested on his first night for sleeping in a hallway. Declaring he was an orphan with an aunt in Boston, the New York authorities at once shipped him to that city by a Fall River steamer.

There is no question but that at this time he found life quite enjoyable. "Boston was easy,"

he says. He had no difficulty at all during the first four months in carrying out to the letter every vicious scheme his youthful and perverted mind could conceive. He became too confident, and was at last arrested, and sent to the Almshouse at Tewkesbury. From here he made a get-away, returned to Boston and carried on, under the very noses of the authorities, his criminal practices. Then, in due time, came another arrest. This time he was sent to the State Reformatory at Palmer. Here the brutal treatment he received from the keepers served to still further harden the casement surrounding his moral sensibilities. From Palmer he was sent to the Home for Incorrigible Boys at Deer Island, and from there "bound out" to farmers, and others, and finally to a cod-fishing steamship company for a voyage off the Coast of Labrador, on the schooner "Hiawatha."

Thus all the years of his teens were spent in reformatories, with the result that when he arrived at manhood, he was one of the most experienced and expert of thieves. He knew, and was known by the most daring and unscrupulous "yeggmen," train robbers, bank robbers, safe-blowers, and highwaymen in the country. He went to prison again and again. The records are all available should anyone wish to trace his crime-marked pathway through life. Every possible kind of punishment was inflicted upon him, but without the least deterrent effect. He only had one con-

ception of, or purpose in life, and that was to live by preying upon others.

He had now arrived at man's estate, and after an interval of fifteen years, he found himself once more in New York City. His character had been by this time moulded into a very definite form by the institutions through which he had passed, and the struggle with surrounding circumstances forced upon him by the law of self-preservation.

With growing manhood there came dim, vague outreachings of his intellect, which, had they been carefully nurtured and controlled, might have developed into most gratifying results. But, while naturally possessing considerable mental power, he had been started off in the wrong direction, with the inevitable consequence of increasing his proficiency in evil. By the time he reached manhood he was a perfectly equipped, all-round criminal expert.

In his boyhood and youth he had been without any realization of the great moral issues of life. He committed crime in order that he might live, and so had come to look upon it pretty much in the same light as law-abiding citizens would regard grocery, plumbing, or any other legitimate business or profession. But as he came to manhood he realized something of the seriousness of being engaged in a continual fight against the opinions and conventions of a vast majority of his fellow citizens, and, seeking the line of least resistance, and still

having an inveterate distaste for honest work, the habit of gambling took possession of him.

I cannot speak of this habit from personal experience, but I have known thousands of men who have felt its terrible grip, and its cold, cruel, relentless tyranny, and of all those to whom I have tried to administer hope and help and inspiration there are none for whom I have felt such intense pity as the victims of the gambling mania. John Goode was completely dominated by it. With him it seemed a species of insanity. All his thoughts were centered upon it. The crimes that he committed at this period were committed in order to enable him to gamble. Before, he had stolen that he might live. Now, he stole that he might gamble. And his gambling brought him into contact with that strange type of man which at that time was so abundant in New York City—the cheap, ward politician.

There had been the great Parkhurst upheaval in 1894 and 1895, in which, through the investigations of the Lexow Commission, a frightful condition of police complicity in crime was revealed. Then, after a period of municipal house-cleaning under Mayor Strong, things became worse than ever during the Van Wyck régime.

It was at this time that John Goode plunged into ward politics, and secured, through his friends, positions in the Street-Cleaning Department, and afterwards in the Police Department, which af-

forded him splendid opportunities for grafting and crime. He did not fail to take full advantage of them. Like many other criminals in New York, there was no length to which he could not, and would not go, when he was willing to pay for protection.

He was living at that time in a rooming house in East Twenty-second Street, immediately behind Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church. On the look-out continually for easy money, he heard of a young woman who was a housemaid in the family of Dr. Satterlee, the Rector, and who had saved from her earnings of many years the sum of two thousand dollars. That was too good a thing to be passed by without some attempt being made to secure it. Coolly and deliberately he laid his plans. He secured an introduction to her, impressed her, sought or made opportunities for meeting her, and acted in such an altogether decent and apparently upright manner, that she formed a deep attachment for him. He had laid a wager with some of his friends that he would get the two thousand dollars, and he won. That it involved his getting the woman, too, had not, perhaps, occurred to those on the other side of the bet, but he was prepared to go any length, and so, much against the advice of her friends, she married him. He was made one of the janitors of the church, and he soon secured the two thousand dollars. It went like a flash into the possession of the bookmakers on the race track.

Then, when once more penniless, he took no trouble to hide his true character and purpose. He returned to his gambling, drinking, and thieving associates, only occasionally seeing his wife, and then for the purpose of getting money from her.

But, here comes the most marvellous feature of the whole story; this woman, deceived and betrayed though she was, not only loved this mean, cruel, yellow cur of a man, but *believed in him*. Through all the stormy years which were to follow, during which she received the most brutal treatment at his hands, she held on to the beautiful ideal of him that thrilled her being when she stood by his side at the altar. Her faith found expression in a sentence which she repeated to him so often, and so confidently, that there is little doubt but it found its way down into his subconscious mind, and had much to do with the great change that ultimately came over him—" John, you'll be a good man some day."

John Goode had not as yet by any means fully plumbed the depths of his life of depravity and shame. Being exactly the type of man that could be used by his political superiors in gathering the harvest of graft, he was made a foreman in the Street Cleaning Department. The grafting in snow time was something in which his greedy soul revelled. Many of his crook friends, by purchasing snow tickets and exchanging them for brass checks mulcted the city treasury of tens of thou-

sands of dollars. Goode, as a grossly dishonest servant of the city, never failed to get his rake-off.

But whatever money he received slid with startling rapidity through his fingers in his gambling pursuits. Not a cent went to his suffering wife. He remained in the Street Cleaning Department for some time, then went a step higher—to the Police Department.

The grim irony of the situation! A man who all his life had been fighting against the law, who loudly and defiantly declared his contempt for the law, now officially appointed, badged, and uniformed to defend and administer the law.

Never had money come so quickly, or in such abundance. He knew every pool-room and gambling place in the city. Every saloon on the various beats he patrolled became familiar with his presence both in uniform and in plain clothes. There was not a phase of the system of police complicity with vice and crime, which prevailed in those days, with which he was not intimately acquainted. But every penny he received; salary, tips, winning bets, graft from criminals and lawbreakers, all went to the bookmakers. The craze for gambling became a mania, an obsession. Then it merged into a burning desire for drink. Then the two twin evils possessed him, and he became a near-lunatic. By a hair's breadth he escaped the electric chair for killing a man. His political pull saved him by sending him into retirement for some

days. When he came out his nerves were completely shattered and he tried suicide, but failed.

In his extreme condition, without money, or friends, or pull, he attempted burglary at the house of one of the wealthy church friends of his wife; was caught, arrested, convicted, and sentenced to six years' hard labor at Sing Sing prison.

When he had served nearly half his term there, by a species of well-simulated contrition, and adroit hypocrisy, he prevailed upon Mrs. Ballington Booth, whose Volunteers Prison League he had joined, to fight for his release. She succeeded, and John Goode was free again. After a short stay in one of Mrs. Booth's Hope Halls he broke his promise to her, violated his oath to the State, and quickly found his way down to what he called " the bottom of the bottom "—The Bowery. Here he found his class in the very lowest, meanest, and most degraded order of thiefdom; the dirty loafers hanging around bar-rooms and back-rooms of saloons waiting for their prey. Whenever a man entered these places under the influence of drink he was promptly assisted along the road to unconsciousness by having his drink " petered," and was then " rolled " (robbed). Robberies of this kind were openly, and bare-facedly perpetrated, and with perfect safety from legal penalties, when the perpetrators were wise enough to arrange a certain percentage of " rake-off " for the police. This was how John Goode made a living.

The sequences of our story are now brought down to the time when we first noticed John Goode and his friend, " Red," lying on the beach at Coney Island, and pictured him in his first contact with the Bowery Mission.

He continued at the job the Labor Bureau had secured for him, receiving $1.50 a day, and spending very little of the money for drink. We saw him in his lodging house at the end of the first day, thinking about his mother. During the hours of the following day he thought very much about his wife. He was puzzled by the fact that the appetite for drink was leaving him. As to religion, or any spiritual power affecting him, he had not the slightest glimmering of its meaning, or its reality. The fellows he had heard in the Mission were bluffers, fakers, saying what they said, and doing what they did for some return. It was a game, of course, but he was not " on " to it—yet. He had been asked to come to the " Brotherhood." He had been told that the Superintendent of the Mission was soft, easy, and generous. He would get him, that was a sure thing.

But these strange thoughts about his wife, where did they come from? What did they mean? Why, why, why, could he not keep her out of his thoughts? He never loved her, never had any use for her, except to supply him with money. He had abused her, cursed her, robbed her. But when at his worst, and cruellest, she never made any re-

monstrance, but with a wan smile would say, "John, you'll be a good man some day!"

As he lay on his lodging-house bed, after his hard day's work in the piano factory, and after his third night's meeting in the Mission, it suddenly flashed upon him why these frequently recurring thoughts about his wife had arisen. It was what a man had said on the first night about *his* wife. He had ill-treated her, and had been unfaithful to her, but she had continued to love him. Finally, after his conversion in the Mission, everything had been changed. Love had done it. And he thought, "Why, that man was a piker alongside of me, and the deal I have given my wife. I know his wife can't have been treated worse than mine has been or for a longer time; and I know, too, that she hasn't or couldn't be more loyal than Jane has been."

For the first time in his life John Goode had a feeling of shame, and contrition. For the first time the emotion of true penitence rushed through his being, and found its expression in an altogether unexpected and unwonted phenomenon—tears. And there came trembling to his lips his first prayer, "O God, if what they say in the Mission be true, I ask you to make me a good husband to my wife."

These were the first faint stirrings of spiritual life within the man, but the encrusting shell of materialism was so solid and inveterate that a

process of disintegration was evidently necessary. He was, as yet, quite firm in his belief that religion was a game, and was quite ready to admit that he was not yet "on to it." And just as he would have submitted to be taught a new game of cards, or chess, he was willing to learn the moves in this, for him, new game of religion.

XIV

THE LAW OF LOVE

AT this point in John Goode's strange experience he was much helped by the influence of one particular man. In probably every story of conversion you have read you have seen how the new-born man or woman has been helped by association with pious people, attending religious services, the reading of good books, the availing themselves of various "means of grace." But John Goode was principally established in his new life through the instrumentality of Hannigan, a drunken outcast.

Hannigan was the man who sat next to him on his first Sunday morning meeting in the Bowery Mission, and who so cheerfully and volubly supplied him with information as to who was who.

It was Hannigan, too, who was chiefly instrumental in John's joining the Brotherhood. It happened on this wise:

As they walked down the Bowery after the first service John felt strangely drawn to this uncouth man. Hannigan wore a ragged pair of pants, and a most disreputable-looking hat, but a hat dearly beloved by its owner because of its faithful service

as a head covering by day, and a pillow by night, and for its having served often times as a drinking-cup, a handkerchief, and for other utilitarian purposes. He also wore an overcoat, once light grey, but, now, like Joseph's coat, of many colors. It was worn for a double purpose, too—clothing and covering, to keep him warm and to hide his want of under garments. But he was a cheerful and pleasant companion. John used to say afterwards that on that first Sunday morning " goodness shone on Hannigan's face." He was a born optimist, an expert panhandler, but always generous with what he so cleverly obtained.

" D' ya know," he said to John, " this is the first Sunday I haven't been drunk for years. And that's queer. I don't seem to want it. I could go to Morrisey's now and get stupefied in two hours. Morrisey is a good scout, and there's quite a bunch in his place that would see I got my share if there were any live ones round. I stayed there all last week, day and night. I used to lie in the corner, and never get chased."

Then, suddenly turning on John, he said, " Whadda ye think o' what them fellows said this mornin, in the meetin'? I saw ye keepin' pretty close tabs on 'em? "

" Bunk," replied Goode.

Hannigan stopped walking, and, looking steadily at his companion, his usual broad smile having given way to a grave, stern look. " Say," he said,

" what's the use of handin' out that line of chin-music to me? Y' know darn well it isn't bunk."

" Well, what is it? "

" The real goods, bo, and ye know it just as well as I do."

Reaching down to some recess in his wonderful overcoat, the Irishman produced a dirty card, a duplicate, except for the date, of the one John had received at the meeting not three hours before. Then his genial smile spread itself once more over his happy features.

" I'll tell you how I know it isn't bunk," he went on to say. " There's a fellow I know who was bouncer at the " Doctor's (the " Doctor's " was a famous, or infamous, Bowery bar, and the bouncer was the man who threw out troublesome customers). He hit a bum in the mouth, and cut his hand, and got blood poisoning. For three months he was in Bellevue Hospital and had a hard time of it. When they turned him out of Bellevue he was ' on the hog.' He went to the Mission, took one of these cards and joined the Brotherhood, and they have been helping him along for weeks. I tell you, it is not bunk."

Then, after a pause, he said, " What's the matter with the two of us signing these cards and handing 'em in? " John hesitated. Hannigan drew from some part of his wonderful overcoat a stub of pencil, signed his own name to the card in a legible hand, and threw the pencil over to John, saying,

" Get busy, sign your card." John obeyed. Without in any degree relinquishing his purpose of securing material help, but rather strengthened in it by the story of the bouncer, he handed in his card.

When John entered the Brotherhood room the leader greeted him kindly, and talked to him as though he were really interested in his welfare, gave him a card of membership, and a small Testament. Then he was introduced to the Superintendent of the Mission, who spoke to him as he had never been spoken to by any mortal man. Not an embarrassing question was asked. It seemed as though the one purpose for which the Mission and the Brotherhood had been brought into existence was to help John Goode, an ex-convict, and as though everybody in the place were employed in the one great absorbing work of furthering John Goode's interests. The wretched story he had concocted by which he aimed to awaken their compassion, and extort their help, became pale and meager alongside that which they were apparently eager to do.

" All the time the Superintendent was talking to me," says Goode of this incident, " I kept thinking of my purpose in meeting him, and the more I thought of it the more I thought what a good fellow he was! Try as I would, though, I couldn't understand him, or why he treated me as he did. As he rose to indicate to me that he

had other things to do, he put his hand on my shoulder and asked me if there were anything he could do for *me?*

"Here, then, was what I was looking for—an opportunity to put one over on him. The chance had come, but was met by no effort on my part. He had broached the subject of his own accord. And on the tip of my tongue was a story waiting for him—the kind of a story that had made many, many people come across whenever I told it. It was to be an easy victory.

"But the story *remained* on the tip of my tongue. It's there now! It has never been told! It died that night as I looked in the Superintendent's face and replied that there was nothing I wanted of him."

John Goode was now a full-fledged member of the Brotherhood, and after he had attended a few of the meetings, he began to realize something. Here was an institution that was not merely a place for the giving and receiving of material help. That was merely incidental. A *brother* must *give* as well as *receive*. What had he to give? He was penniless, homeless, workless! He was not short on brains. He quickly realized that there were things he could give and do for those around him—his brothers—that were of more value than silver and gold, and this realization, so new and startling, lifted him up into a region of rapture that he had never before experienced.

He also came to see that to live a life of brotherly love was a man's job. But he faced the issue bravely. This yellow cur of a man had been inoculated with courage. As he left the Brotherhood meeting his membership card meant something to him. He realized that it was a symbol of a real spiritual asset within him. He went to bed that night without a drink, or a desire for one—without even a thought of one. Next day he started out to look for honest work. That, also, was a new and startling procedure. As he walked up and down, seeking employment, and failing to find it, he carried with him a good thought—the desire to provide for his wife. He had a few dollars still in his pocket, but to carry out his purpose he must be economical. That, too, was new. It was a fight, but he won. The only food he had that day was a cup of coffee and a roll he received in the Mission. Next day he had to face the fight again. And day after day, until his money was exhausted. Then the Midnight Bread Line was his only stay. He made no complaint, but occasionally the leader of the Brotherhood, noticing his sad, worried look, and fearing for him, would give him a bed-ticket and some meal-tickets, and John Goode kept on fighting. But often he was numbered with that silent crowd of men, hungry, cold, and shelterless, that formed into line at midnight, sometimes extending around the block, standing in patient misery waiting for the iron gates to open, and let them

down into the warmth and light of the basement breakfast room.

The meal over, this same crowd would mount the stairs again, and pass out into the storm and stress of its hopeless existence. A thousand homeless men would vanish into the shadows of the night. John Goode generally found his way down to where, underneath the over-arching masonry of Brooklyn Bridge, he could find some kind of shelter till morning. Here, every night, could be found quite a horde of human flotsam, male and female, united by the bond of a common despair. Men there were who were old in misery, who had become inured to suffering. This was their nightly resting-place. They knew no other. Theirs was never the high privilege of sleeping in a bed, even a dirty lodging-house bed. And, under the arches, there were old battered wrecks of womanhood also, who would croon to each other about the glory of bygone days, when they had their homes in Cherry Street or Oliver Street, and had corned beef and cabbage for dinner on Sundays. And they would drink their "café royal," as they called it, a concoction of black coffee and home-made whiskey, sold by the neighboring Greek restaurants at twenty-five cents a can.

John Goode suffered as he had never suffered before. But the expiatory element in his sufferings upbore him.

Through all the misery of those dreadful days

and nights he kept steadily before him the purpose of ministering to his long-suffering wife. He wanted very much to see her, but he deemed it unwise to do so until he could really show her what a change had come over him. Suddenly a chance came for him to earn some money in a strike-breaking job at Schenectady, N. Y. He took it, and at the end of his first week drew fifteen dollars against his pay. This he sent to his wife.

" As that money-order left Schenectady for New York," he declares, " I experienced the most glorious sensation of my whole rotten life. I'd never felt so good before. Unconsciously I pushed out my chest, lifted up my head and looked my fellows in the eyes. Pride filled my heart and tears my eyes, as I thought how proud and happy it would make Jane."

When he returned to New York City he went to see her. To his dismay he found her in great distress. Her physical strength was dreadfully impaired. She had the appearance of being utterly worn out. As he sat by her bedside his heart ached for her. He longed to tell her of his Mission experience, but he felt he had better wait. He was not yet sure of himself. A great surging desire came over him to do something for her. He thought of all she had suffered for him. He remembered what she was when he married her—young, strong, hopeful, happy. He saw her now—

faded, jaded, weary, exhausted. Sorrow and grief had done their work, and he had caused them both. But when he took her frail form in his arms, tears of joy flooded her eyes, and the old familiar expression trembled on her lips, " John, you're a good man now, aren't you? "

Although he went without a mouthful of food that day, and tramped around looking for work until he was thoroughly exhausted, he went to the Mission that evening. For the first time he rose to his feet during the prayer-service and asked the men to pray for him. He was making headway. Things were becoming real to him.

I can see now how providentially everything had happened for John Goode. That night, in the Brotherhood meeting, I announced my intention of studying in a class, during the coming winter, the great Love chapter of St. Paul, (I Cor. 13). The room in which the class would be held would only accommodate twenty-five men, and amongst the names of those selected were John Goode and his friend, Hannigan.

I told them that we would take Henry Drummond's book, *The Greatest Thing in the World,* as our study-book.

The members of the class were greatly interested. John and Hannigan were enthralled. This word, Love, that had been to them merely sickly sentimental slush, came now upon them as the most real and practical thing they had ever encountered.

When we came to discuss the ingredients of this "Greatest Thing," the men found, to their inexpressible surprise, that even those with the blackest record behind them—drunkards, gamblers, convicts, wife-beaters, and woman-destroyers—could actually cultivate and practice such virtues as patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good temper, guilelessness, and sincerity.

John Goode had a quick and retentive memory, and he was the first in the class to memorize the study-chapter—thus, he always had it with him and uppermost in his mind. This helped him in the cultivation of the ingredient-principles. His life, which hitherto had been an embodiment of everything of a contrary nature, now became marked by patience, kindness, unselfishness, and generosity.

"My ultimate victory I lay to that six-months' study of the Love chapter," he says himself. "I doubt if ever any other thing would have got me as that chapter did. Its undreamed-of treasures were food to my starved soul. I knew now what love meant. I knew that religion *did* have a kick in it, and the brand I had run up against on the Bowery was the real stuff. I understood, then, why they fed fellows, and got them work, as well as talked to them about God and His love. It was a different sort of brotherly love than I'd heard about in prisons and reform-schools. Love—

brotherly love—the love of God—His love for us—all these things became real to me."

Thus was John Goode "born again."

Those strange paradoxes in which the Founder of the Christian Faith expressed the laws of the spiritual world were abundantly manifested in the experience of this man. He had to lose his life before he could find it. He had to die like the grain of wheat before he could bring forth much fruit; he had to give before he could possess. His was a long and trying Gethsemane—a dark and bloody Calvary—ere he was lifted up into the glory of a resurrected life.

"Except a corn of wheat falleth into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone." For many weeks the "corn of wheat" lay buried in the soil of John Goode's heart. But it was germinating all the time. Those weary weeks spent in seeking work, going without food until, sometimes, big and strong though he was, he became dizzy and faint, fighting the old foe whenever he passed the door of a familiar saloon with a heroism seldom surpassed on a battlefield. The "corn of wheat" at last "brought forth much fruit."

He called to see his wife each week, and one day he told her of the great happenings in his life in connection with the Brotherhood. The poor soul was convulsed with happiness; she knew her prayers were being answered, her faith rewarded, her confidence in God justified, and between her

sobs, and with her eyes flooded with tears, she uttered once again the words, "John, you're a good man now."

More overwhelmingly than ever before his desire was to provide her with a home. No steps could be taken, however, in this direction until he was in possession of regular work. Day after day the weary search went on, only to end in disappointment. At last the Mission, fearing for his physical and mental breakdown, rather than his loss of faith, gave him temporary work, at a dollar a week and his board. And, one day, the piano-factory people—the same firm that gave him his first day's work—telephoned to the Free Labor Bureau, saying, as before, they wanted a man for extra work.

"We have John Goode here," said the clerk, "the man you had before. Will he do?"

"Why, yes," they replied, "we were well pleased with him. Send him over at once."

So John was on the lumber pile again. The foreman had taken quite a fancy to him. "John," he said, "why don't you apply for a regular job? If you don't, I will for you." So his name was added to the pay roll with the dazzling salary of ten dollars a week.

A new era dawned. His dream of a home for Jane became a possibility. He walked on air. He came to see me, and, with the manner of a big financier submitting plans for some mammoth engineering undertaking involving millions of dollars,

he laid before me his scheme. He had found a basement room in Fourteenth Street, not far from the factory; it was not large, a few odds and ends would furnish it; Jane was a careful buyer; they could manage on ten dollars a week. What did I think? Should he go ahead?

His broad face was wreathed in smiles. His thunderous voice became husky with excitement. He would not sit down, his happiness seemed to demand expression in movement, so he walked round my room, his great frame throbbing with holy joy, and exhilaration. In those early days of his Christian life when he found difficulty in expressing his intense feelings in ordinary language by sheer force of habit, he resorted to his more familiar vocabulary of profanity. "By God," he said, "don't you see, Doctor, what it means? It means a home for Jane."

I could no more have wet-blanketed the dear fellow's scheme than I could have shot him. I said, "Go ahead!" And in a few days the home was established.

It was a unique house-warming that was held on the night of Jane's arrival. There were present Roper from the Settlement, and Balevre, Worsoe and "Doc" Burr, Moran, and Harrigan, the "bum," and Dabbs, the tramp, and one or two others. Jane sat enthroned on an old deck-chair that John had carried over from a second-hand furniture store that afternoon; the rest on a rick-

ety bed, and on grocery boxes. They had coffee, of John's own brewing, and crullers. Moran brought in some tea, and Hannigan, some sausages. But they were all happy. Oh, that word does not express what they felt! John's big, booming voice over-lorded everything.

"Make yourselves at home," he cried. "Make yourselves at home!" Jane smiled, and wept, and if she said it once, she said it twenty times—"John's a good man now."

And there they lived together in that cellar-home for nineteen months. It was a belated, but now a prolonged honeymoon. John did the housework and marketing, and prepared the meals before leaving for the factory. In the evening he sat by her side and read, or he hurried over to the Mission to help other poor forlorn souls still in the mire and gloom from which he had so wonderfully escaped; then back again to Jane to tell her of what had taken place. She would look wistfully into his rugged face, smile and whisper her glad soliloquy, "He's a good man now."

It was evident that Jane Goode's days were numbered. Her physical and nervous strength were gone. This was an added incentive to John's devotion. Never for one moment, or for any purpose, did his attention to her slacken or abate. The most remarkable feature in the man's transformation was that those very characteristics that were so painfully absent from his former life, now

shone with wonderful strength and radiance. This was observed with great joy by all his newly-found friends, but it was especially gladdening to the worn-out little woman in her cellar-home. She, of all people, had known, and had been the victim of, John's violent and ferocious temper. In the old sad days it flashed out like a flame of fire, burst through all restraints, and, over and over again, plunged him into most serious trouble.

One day (how well he remembered it!), whilst on the police force, but in citizen's clothes, he entered a saloon on Henry Street, accompanied by a friend, both of them under the influence of drink, he accosted a little child who was adjusting her roller-skates. In a spirit of mirth he asked her to lend him one of her skates. Then, with elephantine clumsiness, he pretended to put his great foot into the tiny skate, overbalanced himself, and fell. As he entered the saloon, a man in evening dress, who had witnessed the affair, accosted him, calling him a vile name. In a moment the volcano erupted, and the lava of passion swept out, not in words, but in furious action. Goode picked up a ginger-ale bottle from the bar and crashed it down upon the skull of the unfortunate offender. The bottle broke, as did the man's skull, and the shattered glass cut deep wounds in his face. He fell like a stricken steer in the stockyards, covered with blood. No one in the bar believed anything but that the man was dead. John's friend hurried

him off, through the East-side streets over to Hoboken, where he remained in hiding for several days, when he was told it was safe for him to return.

But that is something of the past. Now (marvel of marvels!) his patience knew no end. Day after day, and night following night, he ministered to his wife's slightest need. It was a good thing that he possessed a giant's physical strength, or he never could have gone through with it.

In the days before the change came he was one of the most vicious and cruel of men. Now he was kindness personified. He had been selfish, self-centered, self-indulgent, to a sickening degree; now, he never seemed to think of himself, but always of others—of his wife. Those wonderful ingredients of Love, that, seen through the prism of Paul's great revelation, had become so vivid to John's mind, now bloomed with glorious exuberance in the garden of his life; patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, good nature, self-sacrifice, guilelessness, and sincerity.

Months passed away. The daily struggle at the factory, alternated with the daily task of ministering to the little, sick woman at home. She was very weak, but very happy. One day when he came in for his noontime meal, he found some children looking in through the window. On entering, he found Jane lying unconscious. In crossing the

room she had fallen and cut her face. An ambulance was called and she was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. "Arterio-sclerosis, hardening of the walls of the arteries," was the medical verdict. The end was approaching. She was in the hospital for two weeks, attended to by the Sisters, but, recovering slightly, she said to John one day, "Take me home again, John, I want to be home with you." So she went back home. "Home!" In the basement with John!

One quality which figured largely in the building up of John Goode's character was that of friendship. Throughout the whole of his stormy life he had been utterly devoid of this precious boon. But at the Mission men had attached themselves to him, with no ulterior motive in view. They just wanted to be friends. It was a totally new experience for John, and a tremendous reinforcement to him in his fight. Especially was it a delight to Jane to have these men drop in, as they frequently did, on a visit to the newly-created basement-home.

It was a thrilling experience, too, when, on Thanksgiving Day, 1913, she had a visit from the Rector of Calvary Church, Rev. Theodore Sedgewick. She had spent so many happy days in that church, and had formerly so many friends there, that it had simply been an agony, a crucifixion, to her to be cut off from them so absolutely. When the big-hearted rector came in upon her that

Thanksgiving morning she was simply dumb with joy. She was bewildered by the sudden sun-burst of light that seemed to penetrate her little home. When he bent over her, and in his kindly voice said, "Mrs. Goode, I'm the Rector of Calvary Church; I've come to see you as one of the old parishioners and to tell you you are not forgotten." Jane Goode's lips trembled, but she could not speak.

My daughter, who was one of the Calvary parish workers, thereafter called regularly to see her. My wife and I, and several of our leaders and men, formed the habit of calling, but none so often as Jack Hannigan. Because of his helpful association with John, Jane took a deep interest in him, and he, in turn, was a great comfort to her. There was little change in his appearance. He still wore the battered utilitarian hat, the mysterious overcoat, the everlasting smile. Both woman and man had a common interest in John, and he was the subject about which they generally talked; occasionally, however, they conversed in bated breath about another matter of common concern. They both had an intuition or foreboding that they were nearly at the end of their earthly term. Hannigan felt he was nearly "all in." Jane had the feeling that her work was done, now that John was a good man, and the *Nunc Dimittis,* that she had so often repeated in church, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes

have seen Thy salvation," came unbidden to her lips.

One night a terrible thunderstorm struck the city. West to east the rain swept in torrents through Fourteenth Street and splashed against Jane's basement window. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and she wished John were home from the meeting. She lay in her humble cot wondering, and, at last, heard a footstep on the basement stairs. To her surprise it was not John who entered, but—Hannigan. He was soaked, saturated. Every stitch, and every thread of his venerable overcoat was drenched. The garment hung soppily about his limbs, whilst his hat, in a condition of most pitiful desuetude, no longer protected his head, and his long lank hair dripped over his wet face in ludicrous disorder. But his indomitable smile asserted itself and he said, "Great night, isn't it? Good for young ducks!"

Jane's kind motherly heart went out to Hannigan. Notwithstanding his smile and hearty words, she saw him shiver.

"Jack, my boy," she said, "you ought to have something hot."

"Yes," he said, "if it wasn't for my word to the Brotherhood, I'd have a hooker o' whiskey."

Then he did a peculiar thing. He knelt by Jane's bedside, stretched out his long arms, and prayed, "Oh, God, let me see my mother before I die!" And when he felt Jane's thin and feeble

hand stroking his wet hair, it seemed as though his prayer were answered. His head was buried in the bedclothes, and his body shook with sobs. It was the first time in many years that Hannigan had shed tears.

"Where does your mother live, Jack, and how much will it take to get you there?" she asked.

"In Roselle, New Jersey. I could do it with twenty-five cents, I think," he replied.

From her little hoard, under her pillow, Jane drew forth a quarter, and gave it to him, saying, "Get there as quickly as you can." He went. She never saw him again. On his return from Roselle he was taken to Gouveneur Hospital, and Jane to Bellevue.

Whilst in the hospital there came over Hannigan an irresistible desire to see the Mission again. He was well enough to be allowed to sit in the corridors of the hospital and one day he staggered outside. It is only a short distance, but it took him a long time to reach the alley behind the Mission. There he fell, was found by one of the workers, and brought inside the doors while an ambulance was sent for. He died on the day that Jane Goode was buried, October 26, 1914.

It was a beautiful sunset in Jane Goode's little home. The very meagerness of the surroundings seemed to enhance its gentle radiance. She knew the end had come. All of us knew it, but she was perfectly content and happy. We tried to prevail

upon her to go to a private room in a hospital, but she preferred to be with John. John fed her for weeks with whiskey, the only thing, the doctors said, that could keep her alive. But not a drop ever passed his own lips.

Then, when she was beyond John's nursing care, she was taken to Bellevue, and from thence she passed into the land of shadows. John's work for the day was just over when his friend, Scandlin, called for him, and after a hasty meal they hurried to the hospital. At Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue John halted to purchase from a street peddler a ten-cent rose. Then, on again to the hospital. But he was a moment too late. Jane had just passed within the veil.

Probably if she had been permitted to speak to her husband once more—only once—she would have uttered the familiar words—" John, you're a good man now." But there was no sweet smile, no gentle voice to greet Goode, but he felt the power of his dear one's benediction. As he quietly laid the rose upon her breast, he laid his life upon the altar of consecration. That act he confirmed two nights afterwards when, in a memorial meeting in the Mission, he stood by the side of Jane's casket, and made one of the most moving appeals to those assembled there that I have ever heard.

Ten years have elapsed since Jane Goode passed away, and every moment of that time has been

employed by John in the work of saving other lost men. He first of all realized the necessity for being equipped for such work, and therefore never neglected an opportunity of hearing a good preacher, or reading a good book. Dr. Jowett and Dr. Clarence Barbour were his favorite preachers. Every moment he could spare he spent in the libraries.

Opportunities quickly came for work in Y. M. C. A. meetings and churches. At one of his first meetings in the New York suburbs, a girl came to him at the close in great distress. She was troubled on account of her prodigal father. He had left home some years before because of his drinking habits, and his family had heard nothing further of him. After hearing John speak she felt impressed with the possibility that her father may possibly have drifted into that Sargasso Sea of the Bowery, and she besought him to help her find him. John, his soul catching fire from the spark of the girl's enthusiastic faith, began his search. He soon found the father in one of the Bowery Mission meetings. The daughter, a few nights afterwards, visited the Mission as one of the church choir who came to take part in a service. John had taken good care to have the father present, and a most affecting meeting between father and daughter took place. Her father went home with her to Passaic, where his life was rebuilt, his character restored. When I last visited a local church he was one of the officials.

Two prominent characteristics came quickly into view in John's life and work.

First, his idealism. He never seemed for one moment to forget Jane's sublime faith in him. Even when he was at the very antipodes of goodness, she "judged not according to appearances, she judged righteous judgment," and said, "John, you'll be a good man some day." Whence came such penetrating and unswerving faith? He was persuaded that, meek, quiet, unobtrusive woman though she was, she possessed a profound intuitive mastery over certain spiritual and psychological questions far beyond the usual range of modern writers and preachers. She was living in a world of realities, the permanent, unconditioned, unrelated, absolute, utterly beyond the reach of sense observation. She knew what she knew not by the use of any physical sense, but by the reaching out of her spiritual antennæ till they touched the things of God. Bereft of physical strength, deprived of earthly friendships, and especially of the love of the man to whom she had pledged her life, she lived for many years a little, lonely, circumscribed life. Did she? Yes, but "she judged not according to appearance, but judged righteous judgment." Her mind, emotions, imagination, faith, were all fixed irremovably on real and abiding things. Not for one moment did she relinquish the thought that John would become a good man.

And John learned the great lesson. Just as Jane judged him, he judges others. If there is any poor wretch in our great city slums, or prisons, or hospitals, that everybody else despairs of, John goes after him, and remains with him till the time of uplift or—the end.

The other feature of John's work is his clear conception of the inexorability of law, and his desire, both for himself and others, to co-operate with the law, the law of God—the law of love, in any undertaking for the uplift of humanity. Therefore, as it is God's work, he has no overweening craving for the limelight. His inclination and relish is for the weak ones of the earth; small and struggling churches; halting and stumbling individuals. On several occasions he has spent terms with his friend, Rev. Elmer E. Gabbard, of Bowlington, Ky., holding meetings amongst the moonshiners in the mountains; and with his other heroic friend, Rev. E. F. Hewitt, in the little towns and villages behind the Catskill Mountains preaching the Gospel of Love. There are few rescue missions or prisons in the East that he has not visited. And it can be said of him as it was said of his Master—"the common people hear him gladly."

The Love Story is not yet ended. It has no end. This timeless, changeless, measureless thing is part of God Himself, "with whom there is no variableness, neither the least shadow of a turning." "God is love."

Tongues of men and of angels will cease; knowledge will pass away; faith will be swallowed up in sight; and hope will become merged in full fruition, as the shadowy dawn is merged in the advancing day. "Faith, hope, love; these three, but the greatest of these is love"; "Love never faileth."

The seeds of love dropped by the gentle Jane into the heart of John have bloomed bountifully. John, the sower, in turn goes forth with sturdy stride, and with brawny arm casting fresh seeds into the soil of human hearts around him.

So, through the cycling years, the sowing and the reaping proceed; sowing in tears and reaping in joy, whilst the eternally reverberating echoes of Jane's simple words, "John is a good man now," will never quite be stilled.

XV

THE THREE PRESIDENTS

PRESIDENT TAFT

THE visit of President Taft to the Bowery Mission was of immense national significance. It occurred at a time of great distress, and disturbance amongst the working classes. There were hundreds of thousands of unskilled American workmen who could find no regular employment, and there were certain ominous mutterings of a revolutionary character in the air. In Tom Lawson's picturesque language, we were as a nation "heading for a hell of a revolution!"

Just about this time I attended a meeting in an East Side hall. Two-thirds of the crowd were young and fairly intelligent-looking men. The place quivered with electric excitement. No one could misunderstand the end to which these enthusiastic youths had dedicated their lives, viz., the overthrow of the present social order. Every time the Stars and Stripes were mentioned they were derisively hooted, and metaphorically spat upon. One of the speakers most vociferously cheered, closed his peroration with these words: "I hope

the time is not far distant when the laboring classes will all march beneath a banner on which shall be inscribed the words—'No God, no master!'"

During Mr. Taft's candidature for President, he spoke at a meeting in Cooper Union and was "heckled" by an unemployed man who asked him the question, "Mr. Taft, if you were a working man, with a wife and five children, and were out of work, and you could do nothing to save them from starvation, what *would* you do?" "God knows," said the puzzled candidate; "I don't." This was used against him during the campaign as an illustration of his heartless indifference. Whatever faults William H. Taft may have, those who know him best are sure of one thing beyond all others—his sincere sympathy for the suffering; so when all the excitement of the election was over, when he was firmly seated in the White House chair, and the opportunity was offered, he came at once down to the very lowest stratum of social life, that found in the Bowery of New York City.

What a coming it was! The President was announced to speak at a great gathering at Carnegie Hall on that same evening, at the time at which all decent meetings are supposed to convene—8 P. M. The message that came to the Bowery Mission at 9 A. M. of that day was that if we could hold our usual evening crowd until somewhere near midnight; if we could promise to make no public announcement of Mr. Taft's proposed visit; if we

could secure the co-operation of the Police Department for the protection of the President, and of the Edison Lighting Co., for special lighting of the near-by streets; and if the cold from which the President was then suffering permitted, he would visit the Mission.

We fulfilled all of these conditions, but we could not control the weather. New York on that night was visited by almost the worst storm of rain and wind on record. It was not rain; it was a deluge. It was not a gale; it was a hurricane. But through it all came the warm-hearted President, and he received an ovation from the men who had been waiting there for five hours, that almost rivalled the cyclone outside.

It was a thrilling moment when the Chief Magistrate of the United States, the living embodiment of the power of one of the mightiest nations on the face of the earth, stood face to face with four hundred of the poorest and weakest of that country's constituents. In an instant the momentous significance of the event became apparent.

As to the men themselves, it was electrical. One poor fellow said afterwards: "It gave me a great boost just to hear him talk and see him smile. I believe he was on the level with all the things he said." Another, questioned by a friend next day, said, "Sure I heard Taft. He was all right. He didn't talk down to us fellows. What he said was

all true. 'Don't quit,' he said; 'Keep on a-goin' an' everything will come out all right.'" One of our men, who had been on his feet for about twelve months, an intelligent and well-educated man—a compositor, said to one of the newspaper reporters, "It was an uplift, that's what it was. Coming from a President of the United States, it was bound to rouse what self-respect a man had left. When I came to this place, over a year ago, I'd been ashamed of myself for almost thirty years. I was just morally weak, and I didn't seem to be able to help myself. There are lots of men down here in the same fix, and when a man like President Taft comes down and talks straight from the shoulder, it's bound to have a good effect."

Next morning, not only in the United States, but around the civilized world, the news was flashed, and everywhere poor, weak, despised mortals who had come to regard themselves as social outcasts, felt a thrill of hope as they read his simple but earnest words. This is what he said:

> "My Friends—I am just about as much surprised at being here as you are at seeing me. I had a note from your benefactor, Dr. Klopsch, asking me to come, after the Carnegie meeting, to the mission that he has established in the Bowery. I have not known Dr. Klopsch personally very long, but I have known him in the way that you know him—by what he has done, for a long time.

"It has been my fortune in life to play a part with figureheads. Some men do the work, while others are figureheads, and Nature has developed me in such a way that I make a good figurehead. So they put me at the head of the Red Cross, and as head of the Red Cross I came to know of the enormous energy and power for good that Dr. Klopsch exercises with his *Christian Herald,* in raising hundreds of thousands of dollars to relieve suffering, no matter where it may be.

"When I was told about the Bowery Mission, I did not know where it was. I have always had a good deal of curiosity to know the Bowery, and I felt certain that where Dr. Klopsch and the Bowery met, there would probably be the best part of the Bowery, so I came here.

"But I am not deserving of any credit for this. As I look into your faces, I see that you are earnest American citizens. To use a colloquial expression, some of you are down on your luck, but notwithstanding this, there is the same sentiment of loyalty, patriotism and love of country, ideals and aspirations that I hope every American citizen has.

"I am glad to be here, if by being here and by saying so I can convince you that the so-called chasm between you and people who seem for the time to be more fortunate than you, is not a chasm; and that there is between them and you a deep feeling of sympathy, and a deep, earnest desire that you shall have that equality—that means of get-

ting on your feet, of supporting your family and of earning your livelihood—that we hope every man under the Stars and Stripes may fully enjoy.

" I am glad to come here and to testify, by my presence, my sympathy with the great work of Dr. Klopsch in this mission, by which he shall from time to time and constantly, but not always the same people, help men over hard places. Help over the time when things seem desperate, and when it seems as if the Lord and everybody else had turned against you; and to help you in those times to believe that there are people in this world who do sympathize with you and wish to help you in better things.

" I know it is difficult for you to believe that I, who for the time being am receiving a salary from the United States, and living in comfort, can understand or take into my heart the feeling that you may have of despair, and the sense of injustice you may have in feeling that you have not had the chances that other men have had.

" Yet I assure you that your fellow-citizens are not the greedy, oppressive persons that some people would have you believe, but that today, more than ever in the history of the world, their hearts are open and they are desirous of helping the needy, and relieving suffering, and this spirit is growing every minute.

" Dr. Klopsch is one of those citizens through whom I hope that thought is being conveyed to you, so that you may not burn

with a sense of injustice, but that you may struggle on, with the belief that the future is brighter for you."

PRESIDENT WILSON

I was the second man to shake the hand of Governor Woodrow Wilson, and congratulate him on his nomination for the Presidency on that eventful day, July 3rd, 1912.

He was *my* Governor, and *my* neighbor, for during the summer months I lived but a couple of miles away from the " Little White House " at Sea Girt, the summer home of the Governor of New Jersey. There had been several intensely exciting days at Baltimore, and it was pretty certain that the final ballot was in sight. I hied to Sea Girt, which that week was not only a military encampment, but an encampment of newspaper reporters, whose tents almost surrounded the Governor's residence. My arrival almost synchronized with the arrival of the news from Baltimore, and there on the porch of the house stood the Governor as though he were waiting for me.

One gentleman had beaten me to him, and I had to wait for a few moments. Then my turn came. " Governor," I said, " I'm not a Princeton man myself, but my son graduated during your term, and I want, on his behalf and my own, to congratulate you." " What name, and what class? " he asked. I told him. " Oh, I remember him very

well," he replied, and a quaint smile spread over his face.

Well he might. In President Wilson's fight with the faculty at Princeton, my boy, through having been appointed Chairman of the Dining Halls Committee, (which was one of the President's peculiar hobbies) was brought into daily personal contact with him.

So I told him of the Bowery Mission, and of our Prayer League, and I said, " Governor, please remember that in all the strife, and excitement, and responsibility that are coming upon you, we will be constant in our prayers for your success."

By the time this little conversation concluded, thousands of excited citizens had arrived, and I had to mingle with the crowd. The interview may not have meant much to the Governor, but it meant much to me, and to the Bowery Mission. Throughout the whole of that momentous period —the expedition to Mexico, the breaking out of the World War, the agonizing period of neutrality, the launching of the United States into the struggle, the gathering together and the dispatching of the troops, the victory on the field, the peace conferences at Paris and Versailles, his return, his betrayal by the Senate, the breaking of his heart and his final collapse—through all these trying times we never forgot to support the President by our prayers at the Mission. Nor did he forget us.

When our thirty-fourth anniversary came round, I received the following letter from him:

The White House,
Washington, November 5th, 1913.

My dear Doctor Hallimond,

I learn with genuine interest that you are preparing to celebrate the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Bowery Mission, and take advantage of the occasion to express my sincere interest in the Mission, and my gratification, along with that of all thoughtful persons, that its success has been so constant and so beneficent.

Sincerely yours,
Woodrow Wilson.

One evening, towards the close of one of our meetings, a portly man, with a head of snow-white hair, rose from one of the front seats and said, "Friends, I want to live a Christian life. At another mission, a few evenings ago, I came to this decision. For my own sake, and for the sake of my wife and children, I am resolved on this course, no matter what it may cost. And it will cost a great deal, for I am a fugitive from justice. Thirteen years ago I was convicted of an offence, and allowed to go out on bail. I skipped my bail; the bond was forfeited. I was sought for for a time, then the search was abandoned. I suppose the authorities have forgotten all about me. My hair has turned from jet black to snow-white. But

there is a terrible weight upon my conscience, and as I sat here tonight it has become heavier and heavier, so heavy as to become unbearable. I have decided to give myself up to the authorities, serve out my term, and become a man again."

He was as good as his word. He reported, on the following day, to the Federal District Attorney, for his was a Federal offence. The judge had no alternative but to send him to prison. A few Mission people got together, however, and realizing that there was only one individual in the country that could pardon him—the President—it was decided that the President be asked to extend his leniency, and I was deputed to go to Washington and submit the plea.

When I arrived at the White House I found it was a physical impossibility to see the President. He had arranged to leave the following day on a much-needed vacation. Every moment up to the time of his departure was bespoken for engagements of various kinds. The Secretary's Office, at the time I entered, was filled with Ambassadors, Judges, Senators, and heads of Departments waiting for interviews. Mr. Tumulty, the President's Secretary, assured me that if I left the matter in his hands, he would see that it was submitted to the President at his summer home, and knowing his interest in the Bowery Mission, he felt sure that the President would regard it favorably. I left, feeling helpless, and somewhat hopeless about it;

but in two days the pardon came, and the man was free!

I cannot refrain from mentioning another act of kindness on the part of the President, although it is too personal a matter for me to dwell upon.

My boy, my only boy, and one of the President's Princeton boys of Class 1910, went over to the great war with the first Canadian Contingent, in the fall of 1914. In that frightful carnage, the second battle of Ypres, April, 1915, when poison-gas was first used, and several thousands of Canadian soldiers were lost, my boy was reported "wounded and missing."

On hearing the news, President Wilson immediately cabled the American Ambassador in Berlin to have inquiry made in German prisons and hospitals with a view of locating him. It was all in vain; but we can never forget the kindly act of this great and kindly man.

PRESIDENT HARDING

President Harding was under definite promise to visit and speak to the men of the Bowery Mission. When I was privileged to wait upon him at the White House, in December, 1922, for the purpose of extending to him an invitation, he received me most cordially.

I had reminded him of the vast blessing and inspiration that had been created by the visit, in 1909, of his predecessor, President Taft; how

multitudes of people belonging to the lower strata of society had been uplifted at that time by the kindly and encouraging words of the nation's chief citizen.

"Why," said President Harding, "that is just what I would like to do." He then smilingly related an incident that happened during his first year of office. A "Hobby Meeting" was being held in one of the Washington theatres, at which some distinguished men had undertaken to speak of their peculiar hobbies. Mr. Harding, being much interested, tried to enter a box of the theatre surreptitiously, hoping he would not be seen. His presence, however, was soon detected, and the audience insisted on his coming to the front of the box and making a speech. He had no speech prepared, so, turning naturally to the subject under discussion, he said, "My friends, if I have a particular hobby in my life it is this,—I like to help up a man who has fallen down."

That was a memorable interview in more respects than one. The friend who accompanied me, and who had been kind enough to arrange the interview, drew the President's attention to the portrait of his mother which stood upon his desk. Instantly his eyes flashed with a radiant light, and his handsome features were suffused with what for all the world seemed like a boyish blush.

"Yes, indeed, I'm proud of her! She made me. To me she was the most wonderful woman that

ever lived. You know I send out my pardons on December 21st. People think I send them as a kind of Christmas box, but the real reason is that it is my mother's birthday."

When I got home I wrote the following verses:

"They think they are Christmas presents
I send out on the twenty-first,
That short grim day in December,
When things are at their worst.

"Well, they are, to the orphaned kiddies,
To the wife in her aching need,
To the gray-haired father and mother,
Christmas gifts indeed!

"To the man doing time in prison,
In agony of despair,
To open the gates of freedom,
What gift can with that compare?

"But that is not the reason
I send out my pardons then;
But in honor of one who gloried
In her deathless faith in men.

"'Tis my mother's birthday, remember,
December twenty-first;
That's why I send out my pardons
When things are at their worst.

"That's her portrait on the table;
I always keep it there.
It makes me feel she's near me,
That her spirit's in the air.

"While round me surge the furies
Of a stern, tempestuous life,
And I'm held in the very center
Of universal strife.

"I see, in her clear eyes shining,
The light of a quenchless trust,
That keeps me poised and steadfast,
And helps me to be just.

"So, oft when the storm clouds gather,
When days are filled with care,
And the burdens laid upon me
Seem greater than I can bear.

"To the portrait on the table
I turn with exultant pride.
For I know that, in all my troubles,
My mother is by my side!

"I feel her touch on my spirit,
As I hold to the nation's helm,
'Be true,' she says, 'and the waters
Can never overwhelm!'

"And the ship of state sails onward
Through seas that are lashed with storm,
'Neath skies of portentous blackness,
'Mid perils of every form.

"My mother is always with me!
Her spirit's in the air.
It leads me, as in childhood,
To seek her God in prayer."

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